

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
HUGH TREVOR.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

— 'TIS SO PAT TO ALL THE TRIBE  
EACH SWEARS THAT WAS LEVELLED AT ME.  
GAY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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VOLUME II.

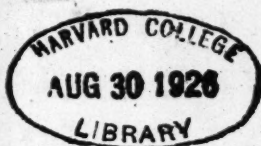
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CHAP. I.

RETROSPECT AND CHARACTER : A FORE TASTE  
OF FUTURITY : ENTRANCE TO LONDON, OR  
WHERE DOES IT BEGIN ? ALL ALIVE : A CIVIL  
GENTLEMAN : CURIOSITY COOLED,

THE period was now approaching in which I must fix on a profession for life. My choice, as I imagined, was made. There was no place so worthy of or so fit for the display of great talents as the pulpit. This opinion I supposed to be too well founded for any possible arguments to overturn, or even shake. I had heard much of theology from the rector, but more at Oxford. To promote this branch of knowledge the university was

first established, and by it is still maintained; consequently it is there the chief object of pursuit, and topic of discourse. My hour of doubt was not yet arrived, and of the absolute pre-eminence of the clerical office I was a bold and resolute asserter.

Nor had my ambition been wholly bounded by the desire of fame: I was in expectation of my full share of those advantages which the world thinks more substantial; though this was but a subordinate consideration. Under all points of view, my constant source of hope was in the energy of my own mind. Among the numerous examples which I had seen, of men who had gained preferment, many by the sole influence of personal interest, and many more by the industry of intriguing vice, there were some who had attained that end by the exertion of extraordinary talents and virtue. It is true they were but few, very few; yet on them my attention had been constantly fixed.

Them

Then I was determined to emulate, exert the same powers, rise by the same means, and enjoy the same privileges. Every example of successful genius delighted, animated me, and fired my glowing imagination. The histories of great men even when persecuted and distressed, a Galileo, a Dryden, or an Otway, did but excite my admiration and my envy. Let me but equal them and I could willingly live with them in poverty and imprisonment, or die with them of misery, malady, and famine.

These were no transient feelings, but the daily emanations of desire. From my infancy, the lessons and incidents of my life had rendered me aspiring; and, however steep and rugged the rock might be described on which the temple of fame stood, I was determined to ascend and enter. I was possessed of that hilarity which, when not regulated by a strong desire to obtain some particular purpose, shews itself in a thousand extravagant forms,

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forms, and is then called animal spirits ; but, when thus turned to the attainment of one great end, assumes the more worthy appellation of activity of mind.

It must be acknowledged I was but little aware how much I had to learn, and unlearn, or of the opposition I should meet from my own prejudices, as well as from those of the world. But dangers never imagined are never feared, and my leading characteristic was the most sanguine hope. Were all the dangers of life to present themselves to the imagination in a body, drawn up in battle array, the prospect would indeed be dreadful ; but coming individually they are less formidable, and successively as they occur are conquered. Foreboded, their aspect is terrific ; but seen in retrospect, they frequently excite present satisfaction and future fortitude : and this is the way in which they have most frequently been seen by me.

Nor had my time been wholly consumed

sumed in gathering the sweets of literature. I had long been exercising myself in writing, improving my style, arranging my thoughts, and enabling myself to communicate the knowledge I might amass. Of sermons I had written some dozens ; and the most arduous of the efforts of poetry had been attempted by me ; from the elegy to the epic poem, each had suffered my attacks. And, though I myself was not so well satisfied with my performances as to complete these daring labours, yet, I had so far familiarised myself to a selection of words, and phrases, as to be able to compose with much more facility than is usual at such an age.

Possessed, as I was well persuaded, of no common portion of merit, it was a cheering thought that I was now going to bring it immediately to market ; at least into view. London I understood to be the great emporium, where talents if exhibited would soon find their true



value, and were in no danger of being long overlooked. To London, which was constantly pouring its novelties, its discoveries, and its effusions of genius over the kingdom, I was going.

I did not, as at Oxford, expect to find its inhabitants all saints. No: I had heard much of their vices. The subtle and ingenious arts, by which they trick and prey upon each other, had been pictured to me as highly dangerous; and of these arts, self confident as I was, I stood in some awe. But fore warned, said I, fore armed: and that I was not easily to be circumvented was still a part of my creed.

Such were my qualities, character and expectations, when I entered the carriage that conveyed me toward the great city. It was early in the month of February, the days were short, and evening came on as we reached Hounslow. Brentford I imagined to be London, and was disappointed to find myself again driven  
out



out of town. The lighted lamps and respectable buildings of Turnham Green made me conclude that to be the place, or at least the beginning, which Hammersmith did but confirm; and my surprise, at once more finding myself in a noble road, still lighted with lamps and with only here and there a house, was increased.

At Kensington to me London actually began, and I thought myself hurried nearly through it when the coach stopped at the Gloucester Coffee-house, in Piccadilly. I had already for miles been driven through streets, over stones, and never out of sight of houses, and was astonished to be told that I was now only as it were at the entrance of London.

The quantity of carriages we had passed, the incessant clattering of hoofs and rolling of wheels over the pavement, the general buzz around me, the hurry and animation of the people, and the universal illumination of streets, houses, and shops, excited ideas which were new, un-

expected, and almost confounding! Imagination conjured up a mass that was all magnificence! The world till now had to me been sleeping; here only men were alive! At Oxford indeed, owing to circumstances, I had felt some similar emotions. But that was a transient scene that quickly declined into stillness and calm: here I was told it was everlastingly the same! The mind delighted to revel in this abundance: it seemed an infinitude, where satiety, its most fatal and hated enemy, could never come.

I had questions innumerable to ask, and made fifty attempts to get intelligence from the waiters, but in vain; they were too busy to attend to me, and treated my interrogatories with impertinent neglect. However, I was overflowing; talk I must, and I attacked various persons, that were coming and going in the coffee-room. Still I could get only short answers, and I wanted volumes.

Thus disappointed, I went and stood

at

at the door, that I might divine as much as I could for myself: for though it was night, in London there is scarcely such a thing as darkness. While I was standing here, a gentleman of a more complaisant temper came up and fell into conversation with me, answered my inquiries, and informed me the king's palace was at no great distance. The king's palace was indeed a tempting object, and he good-naturedly offered to walk and shew it me. This very obliging proposal I readily accepted, and away we went.

As we were going down St. James's-street, as I imagine, the thought occurred 'If this gentleman now should be a sharper? He behaves with great civility; it is very improbable; but who knows? Let him! There is no trick he is master of shall prevail on me to part with the little money I have in my pocket: of that I am determined.'

Scarcely had the idea passed through

my mind, before two men ran with such violence against me that they threw me flat on the pavement, and hurt me considerably. My companion and another immediately came to help me up; and the moment I was on my legs my friend and guide requested me to stay there half a minute; he would see that the watch should soon secure the rascals; and off he ran, full speed. The other kind gentleman followed his example.

All this happened in an instant; and, while I was standing in a kind of amazement, a passenger, who had seen the transaction at a distance, came up and asked me—‘Are you much bruised, Sir?’—‘Not very much’—‘Have you lost nothing?’—‘Lost?’ [The question alarmed me] No: I believe not!’—‘Search your pockets.’

Going to do as I was desired and putting my hands down, I found my breeches pockets were both turned inside

side out, and emptied of their contents. I stood speechless and motionless, while I was informed that it was a commonplace trick for gangs of pickpockets to throw unwary passengers down with violence, pretend to pity and give them aid, pick their pockets while helping them up, and then decamp with all possible expedition. But said I, with great simplicity, to my informer, 'will not the gentleman come back?'—— 'What! The man who ran off?'—— 'Yes'——'Back! No, no: you will never see his face more, I promise you, Sir; unless you will take the trouble to visit Newgate, or attend the Old Bailey.'

There was no remedy! I stared for a moment, looked foolish, and returned toward the coffee-house; having taken care to mark the way I went. On repeating this story afterward, I learned further that to watch at inns and places where strangers arrive, and to play such tricks as may best succeed with them,

is



is a very frequent practice with sharpers and pickpockets. My only consolation was the sum was small; for I had been cautioned not to travel with much money about me, lest we should meet robbers on the road; and the advice happened to be serviceable. That I had not my watch in my pocket was another lucky circumstance, or it would have disappeared. The fear of highwaymen had induced me to pack it up in my trunk. As for my handkerchief, it was gone, in the company of my purse.

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## CHAP. II.

A JOURNEY IN TOWN: GOOD BREEDING AND MORALITY: A NEW ORDER OF PRIESTS: A CLERICAL CHARACTER, OR THE ART OF PLEASING: EPISCOPAL INFLUENCE: MORE GAZING: A STRANGE ADVENTURE, AND THE FIRST SIGHT OF A PLAY.

AS soon as I had breakfasted in the morning, my first care was to change my



my dress, powder my hair, put my watch in my pocket, inquire my way, and deliver my letters of recommendation. I thought it most prudent to apply first to the clergyman, and take his advice concerning the best manner of appearing before a bishop.

My letters, for I had two, were addressed to the reverend Enoch Ellis, Suffolk - Street, Middlesex Hospital. Which way I went I cannot now tell, but I had so many sights to see, shops to examine, and curiosities to admire, that, by the help of wandering perhaps a mile or much more out of my road, I was at least two hours before I came to my journey's end.

I knocked at the door, and was told by the servant that his master was not at home ; but was asked if I had any message ? I replied I had letters, which I wished to deliver into his own hand. The reverend Enoch, who as it appeared was listening through an aperture left  
pur-

purposely at the parlour door, put his head out, like a turtle from his shell, and desired the servant to shew the gentleman in; he would be with him in a moment. This was another phenomenon in morals! A clergyman suffer, nay encourage, or, as it must be, command, his servant to tell a lie? It was inconceivable! I knew nothing of fashionable manners, and that being denied to people whom you do not wish to see, instead of being thought insolent or false, was the general practice of the well bred. At that time I understood no single point of good breeding: I had it all to learn! But indeed, so dull am I on such topics, that, to this hour, how it can be a clergyman's or any honest man's duty or interest to teach servants to lie is to me incomprehensible. The difficulty, as I have found it, is to teach both them and all classes of people to tell the truth. What the morality

lity of the practice is cannot be a serious question.

Before I proceed with that part of my story in which the reverend Enoch Ellis takes a share, it is necessary to remark that there has sprung up in modern times a clerical order of men, very distinct in manners and character from the subservient curate, or the lordly parish priest. Houses in London have lately been built much faster than churches. Yet, though the zeal of these times does not equal that of ancient days, when our cities were divided into numerous small parishes, when religion was the universal trade of mankind, and when the temples of superstition reared their proud heads in every alley, still men who know how to turn the penny have found it advantageous, even in these days of infidelity, to build here and there a chapel, and to let each of these chapels out to the best clerical bidder ; who in his turn uses all his influence to

allure the neighbourhood to hire, in retail, those bits and parcels, called pews, that, for the gratification of pride, are measured off within the consecrated walls which he has hired wholesale. In these undertakings, if the preacher cannot make himself popular, it is at least his interest to make himself pleasing.

Of one of these chapels Enoch Ellis was the farmer general; and this necessary endeavour to please had produced in him a remarkable contrast of character. He was a little man, with thin legs and thighs and a pot belly, but precisely upright: an archbishop could not carry himself more erect: his chest projecting; his neck stiff; his head thrown back; his eyes of the ferret kind, red, tender and much uncovered by the eyelid; his nose flat on the bridge, and at the end of the colour and form of a small round gingerbread nut, but with little nostril; his lips thin; his teeth half black half yellow; his ears large; his  
beard

beard and whiskers sandy ; his hair dark, but kept in buckle, and powdered as white as a miller's hat ; his complexion sallow, and his countenance and general aspect jaundiced and mean.

With these requisites, there was a continual struggle, between his efforts to preserve his clerical solemnity and to make himself agreeable. His formal manner of pursing up his face into smiles, for this purpose, had produced a regular set of small wrinkles, folds, and plies, that inevitably reminded those who were not accustomed to him of the grinning of an ape ; for he was so fearful of derogating from his dignity that it was impossible for his smile to take the form of meaning.

After waiting about ten minutes this reverend little gentleman, such as I have described, entered, assumed one of these agreeable solemn smiles, and bowed ; but instantly recovered his full stature ;



ture ; as if he had been then measuring for a grenadier.

I delivered my letters : one was from the tutor, and the other from a regent master, who was one of the caput. He read them ; and, as I was desirous to gain friends in a city of strangers, I anxiously watched his countenance ; but I could not perceive that they produced any remarkably favourable effect. Not but he assumed all his civility ; was vastly glad to hear his Oxford friends were in good health ; should be exceedingly happy to do any thing, that lay in his power, to serve a gentleman of their recommendation. But the duties of his profession were very laborious : they could not be neglected. His calls were incessant : he had not a moment to himself. However, if I could point out any way—that is—he should be prodigiously happy—prodigiously indeed to give me any advice in his power.

I was



I was by no means satisfied with the pauses, hems, and ha's with which he delivered these apologies. However, not knowing what better to do, I mentioned that I had letters to the Bishop of —, and should be glad if he could tell me which was the properest hour and manner of gaining access to deliver them.

The mention of the bishop was electrical; it produced an immediate and miraculous change in the countenance of the reverend Enoch Ellis. The quantity of emphasis on his favourite epithet, prodigious, was wonderfully increased. He was prodigiously glad to find I was so well recommended! Was prodigiously happy to hear from his friends of \*\*\*\*\* college! Should take prodigious satisfaction in serving a gentleman in whose behalf they had written! Nothing could give him such prodigious pleasure! And, that I might be under no difficulty, if I would permit him, he  
would

would first make the necessary inquiries, and then attend me in person, to pay my respects to the right reverend dignitary.

This relaxation in his manner flattered and pleased me. He now perceived me to be somebody; my half-offended vanity was appeased, and I accepted his offer with thanks.

To add to these obligations, finding that I was but just come to town, of which I was entirely ignorant, and that I wanted a lodging, he very obligingly told me his servant should inquire in the neighbourhood, and provide me one by the morrow. I endeavoured to make a suitable return to this *prodigious* increase of courtesy by a pedantical, but in my then opinion classical, quotation: *Dii tibi,—&c.* Virgil will tell the rest.

These civilities being all acted and over, I bowed and took my leave, appointing to call again the next morning; and he bowing in return, and waiting

waiting on me to the door: I much better pleased with my reception after the mention of the bishop than before; and he no less well satisfied.

I had now nothing to do for the rest of the day but indulge my curiosity, which made very large and imperious demands on all my senses. I walked from street to street, examined object after object, tasted the tarts of the pastry cooks, listened to the barrel organs, bells, tambours de basque, and cymbals of Savoyards, snuffed ten thousand various odours, gazed at the inviting splendour of shop windows innumerable, and with insatiable avidity gazed again! All the delights of novelty and surprise thrilled and tingled through my veins! It was a world of such inexhaustible abundance, wealth, and prosperity as to exceed the wildest of the dreams of fancy! Recollecting what my feelings then were, it seems almost surprizing that I can walk through the same tempting world  
of

of wonders, at present, scarcely conscious that such things have any existence.

The sole draw-back I felt to these delights was the fear of sharpers, and thieves ; which, owing to my two unlucky adventures, of the lady with the riding-habit and the obliging gentleman who took me to see the king's palace, was so great that I never thought myself in safety.

Under these impressions, I happened in the afternoon to stray through Brydges-street, and saw a croud of people gathered round the play-house doors, who on inquiry I found were waiting to get in. The play bills were pasted in large letters, red and black, against the walls. I read them, and their contents told me it was one of my most favourite tragedies, Rowe's Fair Penitent, and that Mrs. Siddons was to act.

I had never yet seen a play in my life ;  
for so licentious are the manners and behaviour

haviour of the youth of Oxford, that the vice chancellor dare not admit players into the city. This was an invitation to enjoyment not to be resisted. I blessed my lucky stars, that had led me by accident that way, and immediately took my stand among the people who surrounded the pit door, and pressed forward to better my situation as much as I could without ill manners.

Here I waited with the hope of pleasure exciting me to patience I know not how long, till the hour of opening the doors approached, about which time the croud was frequently put in motion. I observed that the people around me had several times appeared to be watchful of each other, and presently I heard a voice proclaim aloud—‘Take care of your pockets!’

My fears suddenly came upon me! I put my hand down to my fob, and missed my watch! I eagerly looked round as well as I could, hemmed in as

I was



I was, and fixed my eyes on!—astonishment!—on my conductor to the palace! The blood mantled in my face. ‘You have stolen my watch,’ said I. He could not immediately escape, and made no reply, but turned pale, looked at me as if intreating silence and commiseration, and put a watch into my hand. I felt a momentary compassion and he presently made his retreat.

His retiring did but increase the press of the croud, so that it was impossible for me so much as to lift up my arm: I therefore continued, as the safest way, to hold the watch in my hand. Soon afterward the door opened, and I hurried it into my waistcoat pocket; for I was obliged to make the best use of all my limbs, that I might not be thrown down and trodden under foot.

At length, after very uncommon struggles, I made my way to the money door, paid, and entered the pit. After taking breath and gazing around me, I  
sat



sat down and inquired of my neighbours how soon the play would begin? I was told in an hour. This new delay occasioned me to put my hand in my pocket and take out my watch, which as I supposed had been returned by the thief. But, good heavens! What was my surprize when, in lieu of my own plain watch, in a green chagrin case, the one I was now possessed of was set round with diamonds! And, instead of ordinary steel and brass, its appendages were a weighty gold chain and seals!

My astonishment was great beyond expression! I opened it to examine the work, and found it was capped. I pressed upon the nut and it immediately struck the hour: it was a repeater!

Its value could not but be very great; yet I was far from satisfied with the accident. It was no watch of mine; nor must I keep it, if the owner could be found; of which there could be no

VOL. II.                      R                      doubt;

doubt; and my own was gone past all recovery.

I could not let it rest. I surveyed it again, inspected every part more minutely, and particularly examined the seals. My former amazement was now increased ten fold! They were the very same arms, the identical seals, of the watch on the sofa; that had betrayed the lovely creature in the blue riding habit to Hector Mowbray! The watch too was in every particular just such another; had a gold chain and was studded with diamonds! It must be the property of his lordship.

In vain did I rack invention to endeavour to account for so strange an incident: my conjectures were all unsatisfactory, all improbable. I looked round to see if I could discover his lordship in the house, but without success: the numbers were so great that the people were concealed behind each other. Beside

side it was long since I had seen his lordship : perhaps his person was changed, as his title had been, by the death of his father. He was now the Earl of Idford. My surmises concerning this uncommon accident kept my mind in continual activity, till the drawing up of the curtain ; when they immediately ceded to ideas of a much more captivating and irresistible kind. The delight received by the youthful imagination, the first time of being present at the representation of a play, is not I suspect to be equalled by any other ever yet experienced, or invented. The propriety and richness of the dresses, the deception and variety of the scenery, the natural and energetic delivery of the actors, and the reality of every incidental circumstance were so great as to excite incessant rapture !

To describe the effects produced on me by Mrs. Siddons is wholly impossible. Her bridal apathy of despair contrasted

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with

with the tumultuous joy of her father, the mingled emotions of love for her seducer, disdain of his baseness, and abhorrence partly of her own guilt but still more of the tyranny and guilt of prejudice, and the majesty of mind with which she trampled on the world's scorn, defied danger, met death, and lamented little for herself, much for those she had injured, excited emotions in me the remembrance of which ages could not obliterate !

It may here be worthy of remark that the difference between the sensations I then had and those I should now have, were I present at the same exhibition, is in many particulars as great as can well be imagined. Not an iota of the whole performance, at that time, but seemed to me to be perfect ; and I should have readily quarrelled with the man who should have happened to express disapprobation. The art of acting I had little considered, and was ignorant of its extent

extent and degree of perfectibility. To read a play was no common pleasure, but to see one was ecstasy. Whereas at present, the knowledge of how much better characters might in general be performed occasions me, with the exception of some very few performers, infinitely to prefer the reading of a good play in the closet to its exhibition on the stage.

The curtain being dropped for the night, I stood for a while gazing at the multitude in motion, unwilling to quit the enchanted spot ; but the house beginning to be empty and the lights put out, I thought it was time to retire.

That I might feel no interruption from having so valuable a deposit in my charge, for so I considered it to be, instead of putting the repeater in my fob, I had dropped it securely under my ham ; being much rather willing to endure any slight disagreeable sensation it might there excite than run any farther risk.

The precaution as it happened was prudent.



dent. As I left the pit, I thought I saw the identical obliging guide and pick-pocket, who had returned me this watch in mistake, for it could be no other way, and, as I ascended the steps, two men who were standing at the door immediately advanced before me, and spread themselves out to prevent my passing; while a third came behind me, put his hand gently round my waist, and felt for the chain. My mind was so alive to dangers of this kind, just then, that I was immediately aware of the attempt, and pushing the men aside with my whole force I sprang up the steps, of which there were not more than half a dozen. I then faced about in the door way, not being acquainted with the passages, nor thinking it safe to run.

The moment I rushed by, one of them asked the other—‘Have you *nabbed* it?’ and was answered—‘No. *Go it!*’ Immediately one of them darted toward me, but I stood above him, was greatly his superior

superior in size and strength, and easily knocked him down. A second made a similar attempt, and met a similar reception.

Hearing the scuffle, one of the house constables who happened to be standing at a little distance under the portico, and some of his assistants, came up; but, before they had time to be informed of the affair, the fellows had taken to their heels.

The constable uttered many exclamations against the rascals, and said, they had become so daring that nobody was safe. They had that very afternoon picked the pocket of the Earl of Idford of a repeater studded with diamonds, under the Piazza, as he was coming out of the Shakespeare, where he had been to attend an election meeting? By this I learned, in five words, what, before the play began, my brain had been ineffectually busied about for a full hour.

Being told that I was a stranger and

did not know my road, the constable informed me it would be safest to go home in a coach. I took his advice : a coach was called, and I was once more conveyed to the Gloucester Coffee-house.

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### CHAP. III.

THE ADVICE OF ENOCH : COMPLAISANCE OF A  
PEER : A LIBERAL OFFER AND ENOCH'S  
SENSIBILITY, OR THE FAVOUR DOUBLY RE-  
TURNED.

MY health appetite and spirits suffered no check, from this tide of novelty and tumult of accident. I eat heartily, slept soundly, and rose chearfully. It is true, I came up to London with propensities which, from my education, that is, from the course of former events, would not suffer me to be idle ; and in the space of a few hours I had already received several important lessons, that considerably increased my stock of knowledge.

Of these I did not fail to make an ac-  
tive

tive use. They awakened attention, and I began to look about me with quickness and with caution. I had business enough for the day, and my first care was to keep my appointment with the reverend Enoch, whose counsel concerning the Earl of Idford and the repeater I once more thought it prudent to ask.

Thither I repaired, was readily admitted, and told him my story. It related to an Earl, and the ear of Enoch was attentively open. Having heard the whole, he made application immediately to the court calendar, to discover the Earl's town residence, and it was found to be in Bruton street. But how to gain admission? His lordship would not be at home, unless I were known? 'I replied that I had formerly been acquainted with his lordship, at the university.' 'Ay but,' answered Enoch, 'is your face familiar to the servants?' 'No'—'Then they will not *let you in*. The best way therefore will be to write a note to his lordship,

informing him that you have particulars to communicate concerning his repeater. He will then appoint an hour, and you will certainly be admitted. I have enquired concerning my lord, the Bishop : you cannot see him at present, for he is in the country, but will return to town in less than a week, consequently you can wait on the Earl at any hour. It is a lucky event! A prodigiously fine opportunity for an introduction to a nobleman! Be advised by me, and profit by it, Mr. Trevor. If you please, I will attend you to his lordship. You are a young man, and to be accompanied by a clergyman has a respectable look, and gives a sanction. You conceive me, Mr. Trevor ?'

I had acuteness enough to conceive the selfishness of his motives, which was more than he intended ; but I acceded to the proposal, for I was almost as averse to giving as to receiving pain : beside I was a stranger, and he would be my conductor.



conductor. The note to his lordship was accordingly written, a messenger dispatched with it, and while he was gone I again repeated the whole story of the watch, which in all its circumstances still appeared to me very surprising, and asked the reverend Enoch if he could account for them?

He replied that the Piazza, where the watch was stolen, was scarcely two hundred yards from the door at which the croud was assembled; that the thief probably thought this croud the best hiding place; that he could not remain idle, and therefore had been busy with the pockets of the people, and among the rest once again with mine; that his terror and confusion, lest he should be detected with a diamond repeater in his possession, might be much greater than usual; that, after having delivered it to me and discovered his mistake, he was very desirous to remedy the blunder, and therefore watched me into the pit; that,

seeing

seeing me seated, he then went in search of his companions ; and that what afterward followed was, first, their usual mode of stealing watches, and when that failed, a more vigorous attempt to recover a prize of uncommon value.

These suppositions, which Enoch's acquaintance with the town and not the efforts of his imagination had suggested, made the history of the event tolerably probable, and I suppose were very like the truth.

The messenger quickly returned, with a note containing—‘ His lordship's compliments ; he was then at home, and if I should happen to be at leisure would be very glad to see me immediately.’

I told you, said Enoch, that if you meant to play the sure game you must mention the repeater. My vanity would willingly have given another interpretation to his lordship's civility, and have considered it as personal to myself ; but the philosophy of my vanity did not in  
this

this case appear to be quite so sound as that of the reverend Enoch, and I was mute.

Neither I nor Enoch were desirous of delay, and in a few minutes we were in Bruton street ; where the doors opened to us as if the hinges had all been lately oiled. His lordship, who had acquired much more of the man of the world, that is, of bowing and smiling, than when I first saw him at Oxford, instantly knew me, received me and my friend graciously, and easily entered into conversation with us.

The first thing I did was to restore him his watch, and tell him the whole story, with the comments of the constable and of the reverend Enoch. He laughed as much as lords in general laugh, said it was a whimsical accident, and paid me a number of polite compliments and thanks ; treated the watch as a trinket which, as he recollected, had not cost him more than three hundred guineas ;  
but

but the bauble had been often admired, he was partial to it, and was very glad it was thus recovered.

To this succeeded the smiles and contortions of Enoch to make himself agreeable. His endeavours were very assiduous indeed, and to me very ridiculous; but his lordship seemed to receive his cringing and abject flattery as a thing rather of course, and expected, than displeasing or contemptible.

Among other conversation, his lordship did not fail to inquire if I were come to make any stay in town; and what my intentions and plan were? On being informed of these, he professed a great desire to serve me; and added that a thought had struck him, which perhaps might be agreeable to me. If so, it would give him great pleasure. He wished to have a friend, who during an hour of a morning might afford him conversation. Perhaps he might occasionally trouble him to commit a few thoughts

to writing ; but that might be as it happened. If I would come and reside in his house, and act in this friendly manner with him, he should be gratified and I not injured.

Enoch's open eyes twinkled with joy : sparkle they could not. He foresaw, through my means, intercourse with a peer, and perhaps patronage ! He was ready to answer for me, and could not restrain his tongue from protesting that it was a prodigiously liberal friendly and honourable offer ?

I had not forgotten his lordship's former jolly tutor, the terms on which they had lived, or the treatment to which this tutor had occasionally submitted. Yet I was not displeased with the proposal. I spurned at the idea of any such submission, but the character of his lordship seemed changed : and changed it certainly was, though I then knew not why, or to what. Nor was it supposed that I was to act as his menial. I therefore



fore expressed my sense of his lordship's civility, and owned the situation would be acceptable to me, as I was not at present encumbered with riches, and living in London I found was likely to prove expensive. I had desired to have a genteel apartment, and Enoch had told me that one had been hired for me at a guinea and a half per week, at which I had been not a little startled. The secret of want of wealth a very cunning man would have concealed : a very wise man, though from other motives, would have told it with the same unaffected simplicity that I did.

Still the transports of Enoch, at his lordship's bounty, were inexhaustible. They put me to the blush : but whether it was at being unable to keep pace with him in owning this load of obligations, or at his impertinent acknowledgment of feelings for me of which I was unconscious, is more than I can tell. For his part, he did but speak on the  
the

the behalf of his young friend. I had come well recommended to him, and he had already conceived a very singular affection for me. He had no doubt but that I should be prodigiously grateful to his lordship for all favours. His good advice should certainly never be wanting; and patrons like his lordship could not, by any possible efforts, be too humbly and dutifully served.

I did but feebly second this submissive sense of obligation, and these overflowing professions for favours not yet received. Luckily however he talked so fast, and was so anxious to recommend himself, that I had scarcely an opportunity to put in a word. He took all the trouble upon himself.

I ought to have mentioned that, before the proposal was made, his lordship had taken care to inquire if I understood the living languages? He spoke a few sentences in French to me himself, and attempted to do the same in  
Italian,

Italian, but succeeded in the latter very indifferently. My answers satisfied him that I was no stranger to these studies.

The fact was, his lordship found it necessary to keep a secretary, to aid him in his politics not only to write but to think ; and I afterward learned, from his valet, that he had allowed a hundred a year to one who had left his service that very day. His lordship was doubtless therefore well satisfied with the meeting of this morning, in which he not only recovered his diamond repeater but rewarded the youth who brought it, by suffering him to do the same business gratis for which he had before been obliged to pay.

## CHAP. IV.

MEMENTO OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE : GENTILITY ALARMED : THE FAMILY OF ENOCH : MUSICAL RAPTURES AND CARD-TABLE GOOD BREEDING.

BY the order of his lordship, two chairmen with a horse were dispatched for my effects ; and possession was given me of the apartment occupied by my predecessor. In this apartment a trunk, which he had not removed, was left ; and on it was a direction to Henry Turl. This excited my curiosity : I inquired of the valet, and from his description was confirmed in the conjecture, that my quondam school and college acquaintance, Turl, had been his lordship's late secretary.

Though at college I had considered his opinions as dangerous, yet every thing that I had heard of his behaviour challenged respect. I scarcely knew, at present

present, whether I wished to have any intercourse with him or not; but the high opinion I had of his understanding made me hope well of his morals, and wish him prosperity.

My good fortune was in danger of being immediately disturbed, by an incident which to me was very unexpected. Instead of being treated as the friend and companion of his lordship, when the dinner hour came an invitation was sent up to me by the housekeeper, from which I understood I was to dine at what is called the second table. At this time I had much pride and little philosophy, and a more effectual way to pique that pride could not have been found. I returned a civil answer, the purport of which was that I should dine out, and immediately wrote a short note to his lordship; informing him that 'I took it for granted his housekeeper had mistaken his intentions, and did not understand the terms on which I presumed I was to live



live in his lordship's house. His lordship had said he wished me to be his companion, and this distinction would certainly make me unfit to be the companion of his housekeeper.'

The discharging my conscience of thus much vanity gave me immediate relief, and was productive of the effect intended. His lordship took the hint my spirited letter gave, and feigned ignorance of his housekeeper's proceeding. My appearance, person, and understanding he thought would not disgrace his table, at which consequently I was afterward permitted to take my seat.

In the evening, I went by appointment to visit at the house of the reverend Enoch; when I was introduced by him to his wife and daughter, as a very accomplished young gentleman, an undergraduate of Oxford, intended for the church, of prodigious connexions, recommended to a bishop, patronized by  
an

an earl, and his very particular good friend.

I bowed and the ladies curtsied. Mrs. Ellis too had studied the art of making herself agreeable, but in a very different way from Enoch. Her mode was by engaging in what are called parties, learning the private history of all her acquaintance, and retailing it in such a manner as might best gratify the humours, prejudices, and passions of her hearers. She had some shrewdness, much cunning, and made great pretensions to musical and theatrical taste, and the belles lettres. She spoke both French and Italian; ill enough, but sufficiently to excite the admiration of those who understood neither. She had lately persuaded Enoch to make a trip with the whole family to Paris, and she returned with a very ample cargo of information; all very much at the disposal of her inquisitive friends.

Her

Her daughter, Eliza, was mamma's own child. She had an *immense deal* of taste, no small share of vanity, and a tongue that could not tire. She had caught the mingled cant of Enoch and her mamma, repeated the names of public people and public places much oftener than her prayers, and was ready to own, with no little self complacency, that all her acquaintance told her *she was prodigious severe*.

In addition to these shining qualities, she was a musical amateur of the first note. She could make the jacks of her harpsichord dance so fast that no understanding ear could keep pace with them: and her master, Signor Gridarini, affirmed every time he came to give her a lesson, that, among all the dilletanti in Europe, there was not so great a singer as herself. The most famous of the public performers scarcely could equal her. In the bravura she astonished! in the cantabile she charmed; her *maëstoso* was inimitable!

inimitable! and her adagios! Oh! they wereravishing! killing. She indeed openly accused him of flattering her; but Signor Gridarini appealed both to his honour and his friends; the best judges in Europe, who as she well knew all said the same.

Of personal beauty she herself was satisfied that the Gods had kindly granted her a full share. 'Tis true, her stature was dwarfish: but then, she had so genteel an air! Her staymaker was one of the ablest in town. Her complexion could not but be to her mind, for it was of her own making. The only thing that she could not correct to her perfect satisfaction was a something of a cast with her eyes; which especially when she imitated Enoch in making herself agreeable, was very like squinting. Not but that the thought squinting itself a pleasing kind of blemish. Nay there were instances in which she scarcely knew if it could be called a blemish.

By these two ladies I was received with no little distinction. The mother recollected the earl and the bishop; the daughter surveyed my person, with which she was almost as well satisfied as with her own. I heard her tell her female acquaintance, during the evening, that she thought me *immense* well bred; and that in her opinion I was *prodigious* handsome; and, when they smiled, she added that she spoke with perfect *song fro*, and merely as a person of some critical taste.

I could indeed have corrected her English grammar, and her French pronunciation; but I was not at this time so fastidious as to accuse her of any mistake in judgment, in the opinion she gave of me.

My musical talents gained me additional favour. Miss Eliza was quite in raptures to hear that I could accompany her in a concerto; or take a part in an Italian duet. She vowed and protested again, to her friends, that I was a



most accomplished, charming man! She spoke aside, but I was rather remarkably quick of hearing that evening. She proposed a lesson of Kozeluch's immediately. I should play the violin accompaniment, and her papa *as it was very easy* would take the bass.

All voices, for there was a *prodigious large party* by this time, were loud in their assent. Every body was sure, before any body heard, it would be *monstrous fine*; so there was no refusing. The fiddles were tuned, the books were placed, the candles were snuffed, the chord was struck, and off we went, *Allegro con strepito!*

We obeyed the composer's commands, and played with might and main during the first thirty or forty bars, till the *obligato* part came, in which Miss was to exhibit her powers. She then, with all the dignity of a *maestro di capella* directed two intersecting rays full at Enoch, and called aloud, *piano!* After which casting  
a gra-

a gracious smile to me, as much as to say I did not mean you, Sir; she heaved up an attitude with her elbows, gave a short cough to encourage herself, and proceeded.

Her fears give her no embarrassment, thought I, and all will be well. I could not have been more mistaken. The very first difficult passage she came to shewed me she was an ignorant pretender. Time, tune, and recollection were all lost. I was obliged to be silent in the accompaniment, for I knew as little what was become of her as she herself did. Enoch knew no more than either of us, but he kept strumming on. He was used to it, and his ears were not easily offended.

She certainly intended to have been very positive, but was at last obliged to come to a full stop; and, again casting an indignant squint at her father, she exclaimed 'Lord, Sir! I declare, there is no keeping with you!' 'No: nor with you neither!' said Enoch. 'Will you

have the goodness to begin again, Mr. Trevor?' continued she. I saw no remedy: she was commander in chief, and I obeyed.

We might have begun again and again to eternity, had we stopped every time she failed: but as I partly perceived my silence in the accompaniment, instead of continuing to make a discordant noise with Enoch and herself, had chiefly disconcerted her, I determined to rattle away. My ears were never more completely flayed! But what could be done? Miss panted for fame, and the company wanted music!

We had the good luck to find one another out at the last bar, and gave a loud stroke to conclude with; which was followed by still louder applause. It was vastly fine! *excessive* charming! Miss was a ravishing performer, and every soul in the room was distractingly fond of music! 'There!' said Enoch, taking off his spectacles. 'There, ladies! Now  
3 you

you hear things done as they should be !'

Not satisfied with this specimen, we must next sing an Italian trio; for Enoch, like Miss, could sing as well as he could play. But it was the old story over again: 'things done as they should be.'

The company by this time were pretty well satisfied; though their praise continued to be extravagant. Miss however would fain have treated them with a little more; and, when she found me obstinate in my negative, she, with a half reprimanding half applauding tap with her fan, for we were by this time very familiar acquaintance, told me that great performers were always tired sooner than their auditors !

While Miss had been thus busied, her mamma had not been idle. She and her friends, who were so fond of music, had frequently in full gabble joined the *con strepito* chorus, and quite completed that kind of harmony in which our concert

excelled. Add to which there was the rattling of the card tables, placed ready by her order during the music; for she was too good an economist to lose time. But she professed to have a delicate ear. Enoch had taught her to know when things were done as they should be.

The concert being ended and the cards ready, I was invited to draw for partners. One elderly lady was particularly pressing. I excused myself, and Miss said pouting to her mamma, but looking traverse at the elderly lady, ‘Law mamma, you are so teasing! We have made up a little *conversazione* party of our own, and you want to spoil it by taking Mr. Trevor from us! I declare,’ continued she, turning her back on the card tables and lowering her voice, ‘that old Tabby is never contented but when she is at her honours and her tricks! But let her alone! She never goes away a loser! She has more tricks than honours!’

I pre-



I presume it was not the first time that she had said this good thing : at least it was not the last, for I heard it every time afterward that the parties met on a like occasion. The old lady however contrived before they broke up to weary me into compliance. I played a single rubber, lost a guinea, and was asked for my half crown to put under the candlestick. I say, asked ; for I have before observed that I came up to London ignorant of every point of good breeding. I could not have surmised that the six packs of half dirty cards were to be subscribed for by the company at half a crown a head.

## CHAP. V.

POLITICS AND PATRIOTISM OF A LORD: A  
GRAND UNDERTAKING: SUBLIME EFFUSIONS,  
OR WHO BUT I: POLITICS AND TASTE OF  
ENOCH: THE HONEY CHANGED TO GALL, OR  
RULES FOR FINE WRITERS.

THE next day about noon, his lordship sent his compliments, informing me he should be glad of my company. I hastened to him, eager to have an opportunity privately to display, before a lord, my knowledge wit and understanding.

After a short introductory dialogue, his lordship turned the conversation on politics, and it so happened that, though my ideas on this subject were but feeble and ill arranged, yet it had not wholly escaped my attention. While I was at Oxford, the want of a parliamentary reform had agitated the whole nation, and was too real and glaring an evil not to be convincing to a young and unprejudiced mind.

mind. The extension of the excise laws had likewise produced in me strong feelings of anger ; and the enormous and accumulating national debt had been described to me as a source of imminent absolute and approaching ruin.

These and similar ideas though all more or less crude I detailed, and concluded my creed with asserting my conviction that government used corrupt and immoral means, and that these were destructive of the end which it meant to obtain.

His lordship was quite in raptures to hear me ; and declared he could not have expected such sound doctrine, from so young a man. ‘ Yes, Mr. Trevor,’ continued he, ‘ government is indeed corrupt ! It has opposed me in three elections ; one for a county, the others for two popular boroughs. The opposition has cost me fifty thousand pounds, and I lost them all. Time was when the minister might have made me his friend ;

but I am now his irreconcilable enemy, and I will hang upon his skirts and never quit him, no, not for a moment, till he is turned out of office with disgrace. He ought not to have angered me, for I and my friends kept aloof : he knew I did, and he might——But now I have openly joined the opposition, and nothing less than his ruin shall satisfy me ! I am exceedingly happy, Mr. Trevor, to find you reason so justly on these subjects ; and to say the truth I shall be very glad of your assistance.’

I answered his lordship that I should be equally glad, if I could contribute to the good government and improvement of mankind by correcting their present errors ; and that the vices I had mentioned, and every other vice that I could discover, I should always think it my duty to oppose.

‘That,’ answered his lordship, ‘ is right, Mr. Trevor ! You speak my own sentiments ! Opposition, strong severe and  
bitter,

bitter, is what I am determined on ! Your principles and mine are the same, and I am resolved he shall repent of having made me his enemy ! We will communicate our thoughts to each other, and as you are a young man whose talents were greatly esteemed at \*\*\*\* college, and who know how to place arguments in a striking form, I have no doubt of our success. I will make him shake in his seat !'

His lordship then drew a whole length picture first of his own griefs, and next of the present state of representation, and the known dependence and profligacy of the minister's adherents, which highly excited my indignation. My heart exulted in the correction which I was determined to bestow on them all ; and I made not the least doubt but that I should soon be able to write down the minister, load his partizans with contempt, and banish such flagitious proceedings from the face of the earth.

With



With these all sufficient ideas of myself, and many professions of esteem and friendship from the earl, I retired to begin a series of letters, that were to rout the minister, reform the world, and convey my fame to the latest posterity. I had already perused Junius as a model of style, had been enraptured with his masculine ardor, and had no doubt but that the hour was now come in which he was to be rivaled.

I could not disguise from myself that the motives of his lordship were not of the purest kind: but I had formed no expectations in favour of his morals; and, if the end at which he aimed was a good one, his previous mistakes must be pardoned. He had engaged me in a delightful task, had given me an opportunity of exerting my genius and of publishing my thoughts to the world, and I sat down to my labours with transport and zeal.

So copious was my elocution that in  
less

less than four hours I had filled eight pages of paper ; two of which at least were Greek and Latin quotations, from Aristotle Demosthenes and Cicero. I meant to astonish mankind with my erudition ! All shall acknowledge, said I, that a writer of wit energy and genius is at last sprung up ; one who is profoundly skilled too in classical learning. My whole soul was bent on saying strong things, fine things, learned things, pretty things, good things, wise things, and severe things. Never was there more florid railing. My argument was a kind of pitiful Jonas, and my words were the whale in which it was swallowed up.

I was quite enamoured of my performance, and was impatient for twelve o'clock the next day, that his lordship might admire it ! In the mean time, to allay my insatiable thirst of praise, I took it to upright Enoch. When the reverend little man heard that I was employed by his lordship to write on affairs of government,

vernment, he declared it as a thing decided that my fortune was made : but he dropped his under lip when told that I had attacked the minister—Was prodigiously sorry!—That was the wrong side—Ministers paid well for being praised ; but they gave nothing, except fine imprisonment and pillory, for blame.

I heard him with contempt, but was too eager in my thirst of approbation to make any reply, except by urging him to read. He put on his spectacles and began, but blundered so wretchedly that I was soon out of patience ; and taking the paper from him began to read myself.

No one will doubt but that he was the first to be tired. However, he said it was fine ; and was quite surprised to hear me read Greek with such sonorous volubility. For his part it was long since he had read such authors : to which I sarcastically yielded my ready assent. He had partly forgotten them, he said. Indeed ! answered I. My tone signified he

he never knew them—‘ But you think the composition good, do you not ?’—  
‘ Oh, it is fine ! Prodigiously fine !’

Fine was the word, and with fine I was obliged to be satisfied. As for prodigious, it sometimes had meaning and sometimes none : it depended on emphasis and action. I knew indeed that he was no great orator ; otherwise I should have expected an eulogium that might have rivaled the French academy, the odes of Boileau, or even my own composition.

I was still hungry : my vanity wanted more food, much more, though I knew not where to seek it. To write down a minister was such a task, and I had begun it in so sublime a style, that rest I could not : though it was with great difficulty, having done with Enoch, that I could escape from Miss and her mamma.

They were dressed to go to a party, and they insisted that I should go with them. It would give their friends such *monstrous* pleasure, and they should all  
be

be so *immense* happy, that go I must. But their rhetoric was vain. I was upon thorns; there were no hopes that the party would listen to my manuscript; and as I could not read it to others, I must go home and read it to myself.

As I was going, Miss followed me to the door, called up one of her significant traverse glances, and told me she was sure I was a prodigious rake! But no wonder! All the fine men were rakes!

I returned to my chamber, read again and again, added new flowers, remembered new quotations, and inserted new satire. Enoch had told me it was fine, yet I never could think it was fine enough.

Night came, but with it little inclination in me to sleep: and in the morning I was up and at work, reading, correcting and embellishing my letter before I could well distinguish a word. About nine o'clock, while I was rehearsing aloud in the very heat of oratory, two chairmen knocked  
at



at my door and interrupted my reverie : they were come to take away the trunk of Turl. The thought struck me and I immediately inquired — ‘ Is the gentleman himself here ? ’ I was answered in the affirmative, and I requested one of the men to go and inform him that an old acquaintance was above, who would be very glad to speak a word with him.

Mr. Turl came, was surprised to see me, and as I received him kindly answered me in the same tone. At college he had acquired the reputation of a scholar, a good critic, and a man of strong powers of mind. The discovery of a diamond mine would not have given me so much pleasure, as the meeting him at this lucky moment ! He was the very person I wanted. He was a judge, and I should have praise as much as I could demand ! The beauties of my composition would all be as visible to him as they were to myself. They were too numerous,

rous, too strong, too striking to escape his notice ; they would flash upon him at every line, would create astonishment, inspire rapture, and hold him in one continual state of acclamation and extacy !

I requested him to sit down, apologized, told him I had a favour to ask, took up my manuscript, smiled, put it in his hand, stroked my chin, and begged him to read and tell me its faults. I had a perfect dependence on his good taste, and nobody could be more desirous of hearing the truth and correcting their errors than I was ! Nobody !

I was surprised to observe that he felt some reluctance, and attempted to excuse himself : but I was too importunate, and the devil of vanity was too strong in me, to be resisted. I pleaded, with great eloquence and much more truth than I myself suspected, how necessary it was in order to attain excellence that men should communicate with each other, should

should boldly declare their opinions, and patiently listen to reproof.

Thus urged by arguments which he knew to be excellent, and hoping from my zeal that I knew the same, he complied, took out his pencil, and began his task.

He went patiently through it, without any apparent emotion or delay, except frequently to make crosses with his pencil. Never was mortal more amazed than I was at his incomprehensible coldness! 'Has he no feeling?' said I. 'Is he dead? No token of admiration! no laughter! no single pause of rapture!' It was astonishing beyond all belief!

Having ended, he put down the manuscript, and said not a word!

This was a mortification not to be supported. Speak he must. I endured his silence perhaps half a minute, perhaps a whole one, but it was an age! 'I am afraid,' Mr. Turl, said I, 'you are  
not

not very well pleased with what you have read?’

The tone of my voice, the paleness of my lips, and the struggling confusion of my eyes sufficiently declared my state of mind, and he made no answer. My irritability increased. ‘What, Sir,’ said I, ‘is it so contemptible a composition as to be wholly unworthy your notice?’

I communicated much of the torture which I felt, but collecting himself he looked at me with some compassion and much steadfastness, and answered — ‘I most sincerely wish, Mr. Trevor, that what I have to say, since you require me to speak, were exactly that which you expected I should say. I confess, it gives me some pain to perceive that you mistook your own motives, when you desired me to read and mark what I might think to be faults. You imagined there were no faults! forgetting that no human effort is without them. The longer you  
write

write the less you will be liable to the error of that supposition.'—'Perhaps, Sir, you discover nothing but faults?'—'Far the contrary : I have discovered the first great quality of genius.'

This was a drop of reviving cordial, and I eagerly asked—'What is that?'—'Energy. But, like the courage of Don Quixote, it is ill directed ; it runs a tilt at sheep and calls them giants.' 'Go on, Sir,' said I : 'continue your allegory—'Its beauties are courtezans, its enchanted castles pitiful hovels, and its Mambrino's helmet is no better than a barber's bason.' 'But pray, Sir, be candid, and point out all its defects!—All !'—'I am sorry to observe, Mr. Trevor, that my candour has already been offensive to your feelings. If we would improve our faculties, we must not seek unmerited praise, but resolutely listen to truth'—'Why, Sir, should you suppose I seek unmerited praise.'

He made no reply, and I repeated my requisition,



requisition, that he should point out all the defects of my manuscript: once more, all, all! 'The defects, Mr. Trevor,' said he, 'are many of them such as are common to young writers; but some of them are peculiar to writers whose imagination is strong, and whose judgment is unformed. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a disadvantage to your composition that you have the right side of the question. Diffuse and unconnected arguments, a style loaded with epithets and laborious attempts in the writer to display himself, are blemishes that give less offence when employed to defend error than when accumulated in the cause of truth, which is forgotten and lost under a profusion of ornaments. The difficulties of composition resemble those of geometry: they are the recollection of things so simple and convincing that we imagine we never can forget them; yet they are frequently forgotten at every step, and in every sentence.

There

There is one best and clearest way of stating a proposition, and that alone ought to be chosen : yet how often do we find the same argument repeated and repeated and repeated, with no variety except in the phraseology ? In developing any thought, we ought not to encumber it by trivial circumstances : we ought to say all that is necessary, and not a word more. We ought likewise to say one thing at once ; and that concluded to begin another. We certainly write to be understood, and should therefore never write in a language that is unknown to a majority of our readers. The rule will apply as well to the living languages as to the dead, and its infringement is but in general a display of the author's vanity. Epithets, unless they increase the strength of thought or elucidate the argument, ought not to be admitted. Of similes metaphors and figures of every kind the same may be affirmed : whatever does not enlighten confuses. There

are two extremes, against which we ought equally to guard : not to give a dry skeleton, bones without flesh ; nor an imbecile embryo, flesh without bones.'

' I understand you, Sir. What you have read is an imbecile embryo ?'——

' Your importunity, Mr. Trevor, and my desire to do you service have extorted an opinion from me. I must not shrink from the truth : in confirmation of what I have already said, I must add, that your composition is strong in language, but weak in argument'——' Ha ! Much declamation, little thought ?'

He was once more silent for a few seconds, and then assuming a less serious tone, endeavoured to turn the conversation by inquiring if I were come to reside in London, and to live with his lordship ? I took care to inform him that I considered myself as a visitor in the house ; and that I meant to take my degrees, be ordained, and devote myself to the church.

I then

I then attempted to bring him back to the manuscript ; but ineffectually : he seemed determined to say no more. This silence was painful to both of us, and after I had inquired where he lived, and made some professions, which formal civility wrung from me, that I should be glad to see him again, we parted. We were neither of us entirely satisfied with the other ; and I certainly much the least.

The lesson however did me infinite service. The film was in part removed from my eyes, in my own despite. I read again, but with a very different spirit : his marks in the margin painfully met my eye, with endless repetition. The rules he had been delivering were strong in my memory, and I frequently discovered their application. After the clear statement he had given of them, I could but seldom bring myself to doubt of their justice.

The result was, I immediately went to

work ; and, disgusted with my first performance, began another. In truth, my too much confidence and haste hath made me guilty of many mistakes ; which I knew to be such, the moment my vanity had been a little sobered into common sense. I had often written before, and perhaps never so ill.

I now arranged my thoughts, omitted my quotations, discarded many of my metaphors, shortened my periods, simplified my style, reduced the letter to one fourth of its former length, and finished the whole by one o'clock.

His lordship was not so fastidious a critic as I thought Turl had been ; he was delighted with my performance. It is true he made some corrections and additions, in places where I had not been so personal and acrimonious, against the minister, as his feelings required : but, as he accompanied them with praise, I readily submitted ; and, thus improved, my  
first



first political essay was committed to the press.

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## CHAP. VI.

FURTHER EFFORTS OF CRITICAL IMPROVEMENT :  
DOUBTS OF A SERIOUS KIND SUGGESTED :  
MORE POLITICS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCE :  
A DISSERTATION ON RAKES.

THE critical precepts of Turl were still tingling in my ears ; and as I meant to shew the bishop some of the sermons that I had written, or in other words as many as he should be willing to read, they underwent an immediate revision. Though in general they were less faulty than my post-haste political effort, yet I found quite enough to correct ; and was so far reconciled to the benefit I had derived from Turl as to wish to meet him again.

In two or three days therefore, after having expunged interlined and polished

one of my best performances till I was tolerably well satisfied with it, I visited him at his lodgings. I then owned to him, that I had not received the castigation he gave me quite so patiently as I ought to have done: but I had nevertheless profited by it, and was come to request more favours of the same kind; though I could not but acknowledge I had hopes that my present performance was not quite so defective as the former.

He received me kindly, but took the manuscript I offered him with what I again thought great coldness. He read two or three pages, without as before drawing his pencil upon me, and then paused. ‘You have enjoined me a task,’ said he, ‘Mr. Trevor, which I do not know how to execute to my own satisfaction. You are not aware of the truth, and if I tell it you I shall offend’—‘Nay, Sir; I beg you will not spare me. Speak!’—‘You have not explicitly defined to yourself your own motives: you think  
you

you are come in search of improvement ;  
in reality, you are come in search of praise'  
—' Not unless praise be my due'——  
' Which you are convinced it is'——' You  
see deeply into the human heart, Mr.  
Turl'——' If I do not, I am ill qualified  
to criticise literary compositions.'——' And  
you think my divinity no better than my  
politics ?'——' You do not state the ques-  
tion as I could wish. Divinity I must  
acknowledge is not a favourite subject  
with me'——' I have heard as much,'——  
' I am too sincere a friend to morality to  
encourage dissention, quarrels, and enmi-  
ty, concerning things which whoever  
may pretend to believe no one can prove  
that he understands. As a composition,  
from the little I have read, I believe your  
sermon to be very superior to your let-  
ter ; but from the exposition of your  
subject, I perceive it treats on points of  
faith, asserts church authority, and stig-  
matises dissent with reprobation. You  
tell me you are recommended to a bi-  
shop:

shop : with him it will do you service : to me it is unintelligible.'

His inclination to heresy, or, which is the same thing, his difference with me in opinion, piqued me on this occasion even more than the unsparing sincerity of his remarks. I answered, I was sorry he did not agree with me, on subjects which I was convinced were so momentous ; and owned it was for that reason that, while he remained at the university, I had avoided his society.

He replied, he doubted if it were right to avoid the vicious : and the precaution which he himself thought necessary, on all such occasions, was to inquire whether, in accusing another of vice, he were not himself guilty of error. He considered his own opinions as eternally open to revision ; and if any man were to tell him that two and two did not make four, he should have no objection to re-examine the facts, with his opponent, on which his own previous conviction had been founded.

founded. We ought to be ardent in the defence of truth ; but we ought likewise to be patient and benevolent.

I made some attempts to convince him of the impiety of his scepticism ; while he remained cool, but unshaken ; and I left him with mingled emotions of pity, for his adherence to doctrines so damnable ; and of admiration, at the amenity and philanthropy with which they were delivered.

Thus catechised in criticism and theology, the ardour of my pursuits would perhaps have found some temporary abatement, had it not been roused anew. My letter had appeared, signed Themistocles, his lordship's known political cognomen. It was the first in which he had declared openly against the minister. His sentiments in consequence of this letter were become public, and many of the minority, desirous of fixing in their interest one whom they had before considered rather as their opponent than their

D 4 friend,



friend came to visit and pay him their compliments.

The resolute manner in which I had purposely and uniformly shewn him that I must be treated as his equal had produced its intended effect: I was dismissed with no haughty nod, but came and went as I pleased, and frequently bore a part in their conversation. I had still an open ear for vanity, which was not a little tickled by the frequent terms of applause and admiration with which Themistocles was quoted. His lordship did me the justice to inform his visitors that the letter was written by me. We had indeed conversed together; they were his thoughts, his principles, and it was true he had made such additions and corrections as were necessary. Then, proceeding to invectives against the minister, he there dropped me, and my share of merit.

The mortification of this was the greater because truth and falsehood were

so mingled that, however inclined I might be, I knew not which way to do myself justice. But the praise, which they bestowed wholly on his lordship and which his lordship was willing to receive, I very unequivocally took to myself. It gave me animation; the pen was seldom out of my hand, and the exercise was sanative.

Mean while Enoch and his agreeable family, who knew so well when things were as they should be, were not neglected. I was careful to inform them of my rising fame; and my new friends, for so I accounted all those who paid their court to his lordship and his lordship's favourite, were individually named, characterised, and celebrated.

The family heard me with avidity, each desirous of having a share in a lord, and the friends of a lord. Enoch told me I was in high luck, mamma affirmed I was a fine writer, and Miss was sure I must be a *monstrous favourite!* I was a

favourite with every body ; and, for her part, she did not wonder at it. ‘Not but it is a great pity,’ added she, aside, ‘that you are such a rake, Mr. Trevor.’

This repeated charge very justly alarmed my morality, and I very seriously began a refutation. But in vain. ‘I might say what I would ; she could see very plainly I was a prodigious rake, and nothing could convince her to the contrary. Though she had heard that your greatest rakes make the best husbands. Perhaps it might be true, but she did not think she could be persuaded to make the venture. She did not know what might happen, to be sure ; though she really did not think she could. She could not conceive how it was, but some how or another she always found something agreeable about rakes. It was a great pity they should be rakes, but she verily believed the women loved them, and encouraged them in their seducing arts. For her part, she would keep her fingers out

out of the fire as long as she could : but, if it were her destiny to love a rake, what could she do ? Nobody could help being in love, and it would be very hard indeed to call what one cannot help a crime.'

In this key would she continue, without let or delay, whenever she had me to herself, till some accident came to my relief : for the philosophy of Miss Eliza, on the subjects of love and rakishness, was exhaustless ; and though it could not always convince, it could puzzle. I often knew not how to behave, such a warfare did she sometimes kindle between inclination and morality. My resource was in silence ; hers in talking. Notwithstanding her very great prudence, I suspect there might have been danger, had I not been guarded by the three fold shield of an unfashionable sense of moral right, strong aspirings after clerical purity, and the unfaded remembrance of the lovely chaste Olivia.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VII.

ENOCH MADE ACQUAINTED WITH MORE OF MY PERFECTIONS, WHICH BY HIS ADVICE ARE BROUGHT TO MARKET : A BISHOP'S PARLOUR : THE BISHOP HIMSELF, OR A TRUE PILLAR OF THE CHURCH : HERETICAL TIMES AND ARDUOUS UNDERTAKINGS.

NEW honours awaited me. My lord the bishop was come to town, of which Enoch had providently taken care to have instant notice. Among the other good things I had related of myself, I had not forgotten to tell Enoch of the several sermons I had written ; nor to shew him that which I had corrected and taken to Turl.

I had another attainment, of which too I did not neglect to inform him ; for it was one of which I was not a little proud. Much of my time, during my residence at Oxford, had been devoted to the study of polemical divinity, or the  
art



art of abuse, extracted from the scriptures, the fathers, and the different doctors of different faiths. The points that had most attracted my attention were the disputes concerning the Athanasian creed, and the thirty-nine articles. On both these subjects I had made many extracts, many remarks, and collected many authorities; for I had subscribed the thirty-nine articles, and consequently the Athanasian creed, and what I had done it became me to defend. This is the maxim of all people, who think it more worthy their dignity to be consistent in error than to forget self, revere truth, and retract.

I had beside been well educated for this kind of pertinacity. The rector, when living, was so sternly orthodox as to hold the slightest deviation from church authority in abhorrence. What he meant by church authority, or what any rational man can mean, it might be difficult to define: except that church  
authority

authority and orthodox opinions are, with each individual, those precise points which that individual makes a part of his creed. But as, unfortunately for church authority, no two individuals ever had or ever can have the same creed, church authority is like a body in motion, no man can tell where it resides. At that time I thought otherwise, and then as now did not refrain from speaking what I thought.

In addition to the other arts of pleasing, which the industrious Enoch had acquired, that of maintaining orthodox doctrines in the presence of orthodox people was one. He was glad to find me so deep a proficient; for to what market could we so profitably carry such ware as to the levee of a bishop?

The little man, scrupulously attentive to whatever might advance me or him in the good graces of the right reverend, advised me to put my corrected sermon in my pocket; which, with or without  
his

his advice, I suspect I should have done. 'These particulars,' said the provident Enoch, 'must every one of them be told. But be you under no concern; leave all that to me. Merit you know is always modest.'

Though I had not on this occasion the courage to contradict him, I doubted the truth of his apothegm. The good qualities I could discover in myself I wished to have noticed; and if nobody else would notice them I must. Like other people, I have too frequently been desirous to make my principles bend to my practice.

Though the door was the door of a bishop and we had the text in our favour, "Knock and it shall be opened," yet Enoch, no doubt remembering his own good breeding, was too cautious to ask if his lordship were at home. He bade the servant say that a clergyman of the church of England and a young gentleman from Oxford, bringing letters from  
the

the president of \*\*\*\*\* college and other dignitaries of the university, requested an audience.

The message was delivered, and we were ushered into a parlour, the walls of which were decorated with the heads of the English archbishops, surrounding Hogarth's modern midnight conversation. There was not a book in the room ; but there were six or eight newspapers. With these we amused ourselves for some time, till the approach of the bishop was announced by the creaking of his shoes, the rustling of his silk apron, and the repeated hems with which he collected his dignity.

The moment I saw him, his presence reminded me of my old acquaintance, the high-fed brawny doctors of Oxford. His legs were the pillars of Hercules, his body a brewer's butt, his face the sun rising in a red mist. We have been told that magnitude is a powerful cause of the sublime; and if this be true, the dimensions  
of

of his lordship certainly had a copious and indisputable claim to sublimity. He seemed born to bear the whole hierarchy. His mighty belly heaved and his cheeks swelled with the spiritual inflations of church power. He fixed his open eyes upon me and surveyed me from top to toe. I too made my remarks. 'He is a true son of the church,' said I.—The libertine sarcasm was instantly repelled, and my train of ideas was purified from such irreverend heresy—'He is an orthodox divine! A pillar of truth! A Christian Bishop!' Thought is swift, and man assents and recants before his eye can twinkle.

I delivered my credentials and he seated himself in a capacious chair, substantially fitted to receive and sustain its burden of divinity, and began to read. My letters were from men high in authority, purple-robed and rotund supporters of our good *Alma Mater*, and met with all due respect. Clearing his sonorous



norous throat of the obstructing phlegm, with which there seemed to be danger that he should sometime or other be suffocated, he welcomed me to London, rejoiced to hear that his good friends of the university were well, and professed a desire to oblige them by serving me.

I briefly explained to him my intention of devoting myself to the church, which he highly commended; and Enoch, who far from being idle all this time had been acting over his agreeable arts, soon found an opportunity of informing the right reverend father in God what powerful connexions I had, how well skilled I was in classical learning, how deeply I was read in theology, how orthodox my opinions were, and to give a climax which most delighted me added that, young as I was, I had already obtained the character of a prodigious fine writer!

He did not indeed say all this in a breath;

breath; he took his own time, for his oratory was always hide bound; but he took good care to have it all said. His secret for being eloquent consisted rather in action than in language, and now with the spiritual lord as before with the temporal, he accompanied his speech with those insinuating gesticulations which he had rarely found unsuccessful. He had such a profound reverence for the episcopacy, [bowing to the ground] was so bitter an enemy to caveling innovators, [grinning malignity] had so full a sense of his own inferiority [contorting his countenance, like a monkey begging for gingerbread] and humbled himself so utterly in the presence of the powers that be that, while he spoke, the broad cheeks of the bishop swelled true high church satisfaction; dilating and playing like a pair of forge bellows.

My modesty was his next theme, and with it was coupled the sermons I had written, not omitting the one I had brought

brought in my pocket. But his young friend was so bashful ! was so fearful of intruding on his lordship ! as indeed every one must be, who had any sense of what is always due to our superiors ! Yet as the doctrines of his young friend were so sound, and he was so true a churchman, it might perhaps happen that his lordship would have the condescension to let one of his chaplains read him the sermon of his young friend ? He was sure it would do him service with his lordship. Not but he was almost afraid he had taken an unpardonable liberty, in intruding so far on his lordship's invaluable time and patience.

Evil communication corrupts good manners. I could not equal the adulation of Enoch ; but, when I afterward came to canvas my own conduct, I found I had followed my leader in his tracks of servility quite far enough.

His lordship, to indicate his approbation of our duplex harangue, graciously  
accepted

accepted the sermon to peruse, informed me of his day and hour of seeing company, and invited me and my friend to become his visitors : with which mark of holy greeting Enoch and I, well pleased, were about to depart.

The retailer of pews recollected himself : no man could be more desirous than Enoch not to neglect an opportunity. After more bows cringes and acknowledgments not to be expressed, he requested permission to mention to his lordship that his young friend had made a particular branch of theology his study, of which he thought it his duty to acquaint his lordship. In these days of doubt, rank infidelity, and abominable schism, the danger of the church was felt by every good and pious divine ; and her most active defenders were her best friends. His lordship would therefore perhaps be glad to hear that Mr. Trevor had particularly devoted himself to polemics, was intimately acquainted with  
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the writings of the fathers and the known orthodox divines, and was qualified to be a powerful advocate and champion of conformity.

‘Indeed!’ said his lordship, with open ears and eyes. ‘I am very glad to hear it! Have you written any thing, Mr. Trevor, on these subjects?’—‘I have made many references, memorandums, and preparatory remarks, my lord.’—‘Then you intend to write!’—I saw the satisfaction with which the affirmative was likely to be received and boldly answered, ‘I do, my lord.’—‘I am very glad to hear it! I am very glad to hear it!’—‘Shall I do myself the honour to bring my manuscript, as soon as it is written, and consult your lordship’s judgment?’—‘By all means, Mr. Trevor! By all means! These are weighty matters. The church was never more virulently and scandalously attacked than she has been lately! The most heretical and damnable doctrines are daily  
I teeming



teeming from the press ! Not only infidels and atheists, but the vipers which the church has nurtured in her own bosom are rising up to sting her ! Her canons are brought into contempt, her tests trampled on, and her dignitaries daily insulted ! The hierarchy is in danger ! The bishops totter on their bench ! We are none of us safe.'

To the reality of this picture I readily assented. 'But' said I, 'my lord, we have the instruments of defence in our own power: we have the scriptures, the fathers, the doctors of our church and all the authorities for us. The only thing we want is a hero, qualified to bear this cumbrous armour, and to wield these massy weapons.'

The words, 'that hero am I,' quivered on my tongue ; and, if my teeth had not resolutely denied them a passage, out they would have bolted.

His lordship agreed that the truth was all on our side : and for his part he wished

ed it to be thundered forth, so as at once to crush and annihilate all heretics, and their damnable doctrines!

‘ Since I am encouraged by your lordship,’ said I, ‘ this shall be the first labour of my life ; and, though I grant it is Herculean, I have little doubt of executing it effectually.’ His lordship, though not quite so certain of my success as I was, in the name of the church, again gave his hearty assent ; and we, with smiles thanks and bows in abundance, took our leave : Enoch with a fine pishah prospect of the land of promise ; and I another Caleb, bearing away the luscious grapes I had been gathering, on which my fancy licentiously banqueted.

## CHAP. VIII.

BEATIFIC VISIONS: IRONS ENOUGH IN THE FIRE:  
EGOTISM AND ORATORY: HINTS ON ELO-  
CUTION.

THIS sudden elevation to fame and fortune, for I had not the smallest doubt that so it was, this double election of me, who alone perhaps had the power to execute such mighty tasks, was more than even I, sanguine as my expectations had been, could have hoped! To rout politicians and extirpate heresy, to pull down a minister and become the buttress of the church, to reform the state and establish the hierarchy, was indeed a glorious office! Honour and power were suspended over my head: I had but to cut the thread and they would drop and crown me.

But which should I choose; to be the pillar of the state, or the head of the hierarchy? a prime minister, or an archbishop? The question was embarrass-

sing, and it was not quite pleasant that I could not be both.

I did not however forget that I had first some few labours to perform ; to which therefore, with all my might, I immediately applied. My busy brain had now fit employment, politics and divinity ; but was puzzled with which to begin. The table at which I wrote was richly strewed with invectives , now hurled at state profligacy, now thundered against the non-conforming crew. It was my determination to spare neither friend nor foe. I often remembered the Zoilus Turl, and his heretical opinions ; and was ready to exclaim, in the language of the patient Job, “ Oh that his words were now written ! Oh that they were printed in a book ! ” The dictatorial spirit of his reproof, for so I characterised it, had wounded me deeply ; and, though I was not depraved enough to feel rancour, I ardently wished for the means to come, pen in hand, to a fair combat ; for I feared

feared no mortal wight : if I had, he perhaps would have been the man. It will hereafter be seen that my wish was gratified.

Some days were wasted in this state of indecision ; in which I did little, except write detached thoughts and contemplate the sublime and beautiful of my subjects ; till I was roused from this lethargy of determination by a hint from his lordship, that it was necessary for Themistocles to appear abroad again ; lest his enemies should say he was silenced, and his friends fear he was dead.

A second political letter was then quickly produced ; in which, with the fear of Turl before my eyes and carefully conning over his whole lesson, I profited by that advice which I half persuaded myself I despised. I wrote not only with more judgment but with increasing ardor, and the effects were visible : the second composition was much better than the first.



The dish too was seasoned to the palate of him for whom I catered. I peppered salted and deviled the minister, till his lordship was in raptures ! It was indeed dressed much more to the taste of the times than I myself was aware. It was better calculated to gall, annoy, and alarm a corrupt system than if I had produced a better composition.

Not only the satellites but the leading men of opposition began now to pay their respects to his lordship. In his company I had the pleasure of meeting several of them, and of being frequently surprised by the readiness of their wit, the acuteness of their remarks, their depth of penetration, comprehensive powers, and fertility of genius. Mr. \*\*\* himself came occasionally to visit his lordship, so strenuous and sincere did he appear to be in his political conduct.

During this intercourse, and particularly in these conversations, I had sufficient opportunities of studying his lordship's character.

racter. He was selfish, ignorant, positive, and proud : yet he affected generosity, talked on every subject as if it were familiar to him, asserted his claim to the most undeviating candour, and would even affect contempt for dignities and distinctions, when they were not the reward of merit. 'A nobleman might by accident possess talents ; but he was free to confess that the dignity of his birth could not confer them. He would rather be Mr. \*\*\* (Mr. \*\*\* was present) than a prince of the blood. He panted to distinguish himself by qualities that were properly his own, and had little veneration for the false varnish of ancestry. Were that of any worth, he had as much reason to be vain as any man perhaps in the kingdom : his family came in with the Conqueror, at which time it was respectable : it had produced men, through all its branches, whose names were no disgrace to history.' Then summoning an additional quantity of candor he added

—‘ There have been many fools among them, no doubt ; and I am afraid some knaves ; but what have I to do with their knavery folly or wisdom ? Society, it is true, has thought fit to recompense me for their virtues : such is the order of things. But I cannot persuade myself that I have received the least tarnish from any of their vices. I am a friend to the philosophy of the times, and would have every man measured by the standard of individual merit.’

These liberal sentiments were delivered on the first visit he received from the leader of the minority. Anger, self interest, and the desire of revenge had induced him to adopt the same political principles : anger, self interest, and the desire of revenge induced him to endeavour after the same elevation of mind. Esop is dead, but his frog and his ox are still to be found.

At this interview, the conversation turned on the last debate in both houses,  
in

in which the merits of the speakers were canvassed, and his lordship was severe to virulence against his opponents. He had harangued in the upper house himself; but as his delivery, for it could not be called elocution, was slow hesitating and confused, no one ventured to mention his speech.

This was a severe mortification. Among his mistakes, that of believing himself an accomplished orator was not the least conspicuous. Unable any longer to support their silence, he quoted his speech himself: though, with that candor which was continually at the tip of his tongue, he acknowledged it was possible perhaps for him to have delivered his sentiments in a more terse and pointed manner. 'But no man', said he, addressing himself to Mr. \*\*\* 'no man knows better than you, how arduous a task it is to speak with eloquence.'

Mr. \*\*\* was dumb: but the appellant and the appellee were relieved by

he less delicate intervention of one of the company; who declared, perhaps with malicious irony, he never heard his lordship to greater advantage. 'Do you think so,' said the peer, turning to his panegyrist. 'No. I believe you are mistaken. I never can satisfy myself! I am so fastidious in the choice of my phrases! I dislike this word, I reject that, and do not know where to find one that pleases me. I certainly think, for my part, that I spoke vilely. The duke indeed and lord Piper both declared they never heard me greater: but I cannot believe it. Though Sir Francis, who went to the house purposely to hear me, positively swears it was the first speech I ever made: the house had seldom, I believe he said never, heard its equal! Indeed he called it divine; and some affirm he is one of the best judges of elocution in the kingdom. But I am sure he is wrong. I know myself better. I was not quite in the cue; had not absolutely the true feel,



as I may say, of my subject. Though I own I was once or twice a little pleased with myself. There might perhaps be something like an approach to good speaking; I dare not imagine it was great. It was not, I believe, indeed I am sure, it was not every thing I could have wished. I am not often satisfied with others, and with myself still seldomer.'

To all this self equity and abstinence, Mr.\*\*\*, to whom it was again addressed, made no other answer than that he had not the pleasure to hear his lordship. But the candid peer, in imitation of the poets of the days of Louis XIV. and Charles II. continued to be the censurer and eulogist of himself.

To change the dull theme, one of the company inquired, what is the reason that many men, who are eloquent in the closet, should stammer themselves into confusion and incapacity, when they attempt to speak in public? To this

Mr.\*\*\* returned the following acute and philosophical reply.

‘ A happy choice of words, after we have obtained ideas, is one of the most constant labours of the person who attempts to write, or speak, with energy. This induces a habit in the writer or speaker to be satisfied with difficulty. Desirous of giving the thought he has conceived its full force, he never imagines the terms and epithets he has selected to be sufficiently expressive. If, after having accustomed himself to write, it be his wish to exert his powers as a public speaker, he must counteract this habit; and, instead of being severe in the choice of his words, must resolutely accept the first that present themselves, encourage the flow of thought, and leave epithets and phraseology to chance. Neither will his intrepidity, when once acquired, go unrewarded: the happiest language will frequently rush upon him, if, neglecting words, he do but keep  
his

his attention confined to thoughts. Of thoughts too it is rather necessary for him to deliver them boldly, following his immediate conceptions and explaining away inaccuracies as they occur, than to seek severe precision in the first instance. Hesitation is the death of eloquence; and precision, like every other power, will increase by being exercised. It is doubtless understood that I do not speak of orations already written and digested; but of speeches in reply, in which any laboured preparation is impossible.'

His lordship applauded the solution of the difficulty, and some of the company observed the orator had given the history of his own mind.

## CHAP. IX.

LITERARY LABOURS CONTINUED : THE THERMOMETER OF HOPE STILL RISING : THE SERMON AND THE DISAPPOINTED CRAVINGS OF VANITY.

TO carry on two controversies at the same time was certainly favourable to neither; except that abuse, or something very like it, being the key common to both, the subjects were so far in unison. Politics afforded me strong temptations, but theology was still predominant. The thirty-nine articles consequently were not neglected. Memory was taxed, my own manuscripts were examined, and authorities were consulted. His lordship's library abounded in political information, but not in theological, and I had recourse to that of the British Museum.

I did not indeed compose with all the rapidity with which I wrote my first political

litical effusion ; for I had not only been rendered more cautious, but, exclusive of the conversations and employment which the peer afforded me, a regular attention was to be paid to the levees of the bishop.

To these the sedulous Enoch carefully accompanied me ; for no man pursued his own interest, as far as he understood it, with greater avidity. Circumstances were unfavourable, or he would certainly have been a bishop himself. Learning talents and virtue might have been dispensed with, but not these and the total want of patronage.

The bishop, finding us thus continually paired, one day gave me a hint that he should be glad to see me the next time alone. Without suspecting the motive, I was careful to comply with the request ; and the ensuing morning, the right reverend dignitary, no other person being present, gave me to understand



stand that he had read my sermon with satisfaction.

After this and various other circumlocutory efforts and hints, he at last spoke more plainly. The subject was a good one, and he had an inclination to deliver it himself, at one of the cathedrals where he intended to preach. But then it must be in consequence of a positive assurance, from me, that I should act with discretion. He did not want sermons; he had enough : but this pleased him : though, if it were known it were a borrowed discourse, especially borrowed from so young a man not yet in orders, it might derogate from episcopal dignity.

Enraptured at the fund of self approbation which I collected from all this, I ardently replied, ' I knew not how to express my sense of the honour his lordship did me ; that I could neither be so absurd as to offend his lordship nor so unjust as to be insensible of his favours ;  
that

that I held the sacerdotal character to be too sacred to suffer any man to trifle with it, much less to be guilty of the crime myself; and that, if his lordship would oblige me by fulfilling his kind intention, my lips should be irrevocably and forever closed. The honour would be an ample reward, and, whatever my wishes might be, it was more than I could have hoped and greater perhaps than I deserved.

It might well be expected that at this age I should fall into a mistake common to mankind, and consider secrecy as a virtue; yet I think it strange that I did not soon detect the duplicity of my conduct, nor imagine there was any guilt in being the agent of deceit. But this proves that my morality had not yet taught me rigidly to chastise myself into truth; nor had it been in the least aided by the example of the agreeable Enoch. Perhaps I did not even, at the moment,  
suspect

suspect myself to be guilty of exaggeration.

Notwithstanding the caution given me, no sooner had I quitted the ghostly governor than I hastened to my little upright friend. Tell him indeed I must not : honour, shame, principle, forbade. Yet to keep the good news wholly secret would be to render the severe covenant cruel. What could be done ?

Enoch perceived a part of my transport, and reproached me for not having called to take him with me. This was too fair an opportunity to miss. I answered the bishop had desired to see me alone that morning. ‘ Indeed ! ’ said the suspicious pastor. ‘ What could be his lordship’s reason for that ? Have I given offence ? ’ ‘ No, no,’ answered I, with a condescending look to calm his fears : ‘ but I am not at liberty to tell you the reason. There will be no breach of confidence however in my informing you that his lordship is to preach, next Sunday

day seven night, at——cathedral. Many of the clergy, as I have gathered from him, are to be present ; and he intends to make doctrinal points the subject of his discourse. He expects the attendance of his friends, no doubt, and I shall be there.' ' And I too,' said Enoch, ' though I should be obliged to pay a guinea at my chapel for a substitute.'

This point gained and my vanity thus disburthened, I left the divine man, and hastened to Bruton-street, to defend subscription with ten fold vigor. My young laurels were ripening apace : they were already in bud, and were suddenly to bloom. Every new sprig of success burst forth in new arguments, new tropes, and new denunciations. My margin was loaded with the names of High Church heroes, and my manuscript began to swell to a formidable size.

Mean while the day of exultation came, and I and Enoch, with Miss and  
her

her Mamma, for I could not be satisfied with less than the whole family, repaired early to the cathedral, bribed the vergers, procured ourselves places, and rallied our devout emotions as stedfastly as we could, amid the indecent riot of boys, the monotony of the responses, and the apathy of the whole choir.

In spite of all my efforts and aspirations, never was service more tedious. The blissful minute at length came ! His lordship, robed, in solemn procession, moved magnificently toward the pulpit. The lawn expanded, dignity was in every fold, and what had been great before seemed immeasurable ! Mamma blessed herself, at the spectacle of power so spiritualized ! Miss protested it was immense ! Enoch was ready to fall down and worship ! I myself did little less than adore : but it was the golden calf of my own creating ; it was the divine rhapsody that was immediately to burst upon and astonish the congregation.

The



The right reverend father in God began, and with him very unexpectedly began my dissatisfaction. His voice was thick, his delivery spiritless, and his cadences ridiculous. His soul was so overlaid with brawn and dignity that, though it heaved panted and struggled, it could never once get vent. Speaking through his apoplectic organs, I could not understand myself : it was a mumbling hubbub, the drone of a bagpipe, and the tantalizing strum strum of a hurdygurdy ! Never was hearer more impatient to have it begin ; never was hearer better pleased to have it over ! Every sentence did but increase the fever of my mind. Enoch himself perceived it, though he could not discover the cause. The orator indeed produced no emotion in him, but that was not wonderful. The effect was quite as good as he expected ! He had never, I believe, been entertained at a sermon in his life ; not even at his own. He went to hear sermons sometimes, because

cause it was decorous, because he was a parson, and because it was his trade to preach them ; but never with any intention to enlarge his mind or improve his morals.

His lordship however had no sooner descended than he was encircled by as many flatterers as thought they had any right to approach : among whom, to my shame be it spoken, I was one. I did not indeed applaud either his discourse or his delivery ; I was not quite so depraved, nor so wholly forgetful of the feelings he had excited ! but I laboured out an aukward panegyric on the important duties he had to fulfil, and on the blessing it was to a nation, when worthy persons were chosen to fill such high offices. Thus endeavouring to quiet my conscience by a quibble, and with a half faced lie make him believe what it was impossible I could mean.

The discourse too was praised abundantly. It was divine ! His lordship had

had never delivered more serious and alarming truths! But though no man could be better convinced that in reality this was all fact, yet coming from them I knew it to be all falsehood. They could not characterize what they could not hear; and the maukish adulation curdled even upon my digestive stomach.

The lesson however certainly did me good, though it had yet but little influence upon my conduct.

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## CHAP. X.

THE CRITIC ONCE MORE CONSULTED IN VAIN:  
THE BISHOP LESS FASTIDIOUS: THE PLAY-  
HOUSE: ELBOWS AND KNEES OR VIRTUE IN  
DANGER: MRS. JORDAN.

IT was possible I found, under the rose be it spoken, even for a bishop to be a blockhead: but, if that bishop had sense enough to discern my good qualities, I ought not to be the most unrelenting of his censurers. My defence of the articles  
would

would indeed do its own business: yet to come forth under episcopal auspices was an advantage by which it was perhaps my duty to profit.

Politics necessarily had their interval; but, though this created delay, my manuscript was at length finished, fairly recopied, and impatient to be applauded.

Again the ghost of Turl haunted me. Not with terror! No: I had prepared a charm, that could arrest or exorcise the evil spirit. Let him but fairly meet me on this ground and I would hurl defiance at him.

Refrain I could not, and to him I went. I was surprised to find him at work, engraving! 'Does he,' said I, 'pretend to learning taste and genius, yet stoop to this drudgery?'

It was a good prefatory pretext to introduce my main design, and I asked his reason for chusing such an employment? He answered it was to gain a living, by administering as little as he could to  
the

the false wants and vices of men, and at the same time to pursue a plan, on which he was intent.

This plan he did not voluntarily mention; and, as my eagerness was all nestling in my manuscript, I made no further inquiry. It was presently produced. 'I have two or three times,' said I, Mr. Turl, intruded upon you, and am come to trouble you once more. I have been writing a pamphlet, and should again be glad to have your opinion. I know before you open it you are inimical to its doctrines, although I think them demonstrable. But perhaps you will find arguments in it which you might not expect: and if not, I still should be glad to have your judgment of it, as a composition. It contains a defence of the thirty-nine articles, and indisputable proofs of the duty of religious conformity.'

Turl paused for a moment, and then replied: 'I would most willingly, Mr. Trevor, comply with your desire, were I  
not



not convinced of its absolute inutility. The question has long been decided in my mind. No arguments can prove a right, in any man or any body of men, to tyrannize over my conscience. To find a standard to measure space and duration has hitherto baffled all attempts; but to erect a standard to equalize the thoughts of the whole human race is a disposition that is both hateful and absurd. Should you understand the sincerity with which I speak as hostile to yourself, you will do me wrong. Were it in my power to render you service, few men would be more willing; but on this occasion it certainly is not.'

I replied with some pique, 'To condemn any man, any question, or any cause unheard, Sir, is neither the act of a christian nor of a philosopher.'

'Christians, Mr. Trevor,' answered he, 'are so different from each other, that what the act of a Christian may be is more than I know: but, if I may speak as a philosopher,

philosopher, it is an immoral act to waste time in doing any one thing, if there can be any other done that will contribute more to the public good.'

'Do you think, Mr. Turl,' retorted I with indignation, 'that making scratches, with a bit of steel on a bit of copper, is contributing more to the public good than the examination of a question of so much importance?'—'No, Mr. Trevor: but, I repeat, I have examined the question; and whenever the public good shall make it my duty, am willing to examine it again. I am not I think so called upon at present, and I therefore must decline the task. I could wish you were not to leave me in anger, for I assure you I have an affection for your genius. But it may now be said to be in a state of ferment: when it subsides, if I do not mistake, it will brighten, and contribute I hope to the greatest and best of purposes.'

‘ Upon my honour, Mr. Turl, you are a strange person !’

So saying, I hastily put my manuscript in my pocket and took my leave : offended with his peremptory refusal, but half appeased by the something more than compliment with which it was concluded.

This market always failed me ; but I had one that was better calculated for my ware, which was immediately open to me. I hastened to the bishop, displayed my precious cargo, and did not fail to report its value. I stated my principal arguments and boldly affirmed, in conformity with the most approved leaders of our church, that the articles were to be interpreted in an Arminian sense, and that only ; that is strictly in regard to the Trinitarian controversy, and liberally in the questions of predestination and grace. Nothing according to my reasoning could be more plain than that they were purposely left ambiguous, in  
these

these matters, by the compilers; in favour to men in their public capacity, who I admitted in their private were treated by them as heretics, blasphemers, and antichrists. I allowed no quarter to those who fixed the standard of orthodoxy a hair's breadth higher or lower than I had done; and attacked, with a virulence that shewed I was totally blind to the lameness of my own cause, the sociniazizing clergy, who dared subscribe in defiance of the grossness of their heresy, and the Calvinists, who had the impudence to understand the articles in the sense in which their authors wrote them.

Then I had a formidable army of authorities! The fathers: Tertullian, Chrysostom, Austin, Jerome! The famous high church men: archbishops, bishops, deans and doctors; from Whitgift to Waterland, from Rogers to Rutherford! Them I marshaled in dread array, a host invincible! The church

F 2

thundered

thundered by my lips ! I created myself the organ of her anathemas, and stood forth her self-elected champion.

All this I detailed to my right reverend patron, who heaved his cumbrous eye-brows, and gazed approbation while I spoke. I was so full of myself and my subject, repeated sounding names and apt quotations with such volubility, and imparted my own firm conviction that this was the death-blow to non-conformity with such force, that the rotund man felt some small portion of sympathy, looked forward to happy times, and began to hope he might see the thrones dominions powers and principalities of the church re-established, and flourishing once more ! Had this been his only motive, however false his tenets, he would have acted from a virtuous intention ; but he had another, with which the reader will in due time be acquainted.

Thus favourably prepossessed, I left my manuscript for his perusal ; and he  
treated



treated me with as much condescension as, for a client so undignified, he could persuade himself to assume.

It must not be forgotten that Enoch was present: this my vanity and his cunning required. He played his part. His congratulations of his young friend, and his amazement at his lordship's most prodigious goodness, would have risen to ecstasy, if ecstasy and Enoch could possibly have been acquainted.

We hied back to Suffolk street, where our good news was as usual related. I had my vanity to feed, and the family had their views.

Miss had been presented with two box tickets, for the benefit of a capital performer. The inimitable Mrs. Jordan was to play the Country Girl, and I was invited by the family and pressed by Miss to accept of one of them, and accompany her to the theatre.

I was not of a saturnine and cold complexion; and, fearful and guarded as

Miss was against rakes, I had some latent apprehension that the tempter might be at hand. But the play-house was the region of delight. Mrs. Jordan I had never seen, and to reject a lady's invitation was as cowardly as to refuse a gentleman's challenge.

I had not yet philosophy enough for either, and at the appointed hour a hackney coach was in waiting, and I and Miss Eliza, accompanied by Enoch who had business in the Temple, were driven to Drury Lane Theatre.

Places were kept, we took our seats, and the play began. So intent was I, on plot incident character wit and humour, that, had I been left unmolested, I fear I should have totally forgotten Miss Eliza. But that was no part of her plan : at least it was no part of her practice. Our knees soon became very intimate, and had frequent meetings of a very sentimental kind : for, she being courageous enough to advance, could I be the poltroon

troon to retreat? They were however very good and loving neighbours, and the language they spoke was peculiarly impressive. The whole subject before us was love, and intrigue, and the way to torment the jealous. Whenever a significant passage occurred, and that was very often, either the feet, or the legs, or the elbows of Miss and me came in contact. Our eyes too might have met, but that I did not understand her traverse sailing. Commentaries, conveyed in a whisper, were continual. Her glances, shot athwart, frequently exclaimed—‘Oh la!’ and the fan, half concealing their significance, often enough increased the interjection to—‘Oh fie!’ The remarks of Miss, ocular and oral, were very pointed, and it must be owned that she was a great master of the subject. Whenever the tone of libertine gallantry occurred, she was ready with—‘There! That’s you! There! There you are again! Well, I protest! Was

any thing ever so like ? That is you to a 'T !'

I must tell the truth, and acknowledge she created no little perturbation in my inward man. My thoughts were attracted this way, and hurried that. The divine Mrs. Jordan for one moment made me all her own. Miss insisted on having me to herself the next. Then came theology, a dread of Eve and her apple, supported by a still more redoubtable combatant, virtue, with her fair but inflexible face ! And could Olivia, the gentle the angelic the beaming Olivia, such as I remembered her in days of early innocence, such as I beheld her reclining in my arms as I bore her from the dangerous waters, could love be the theme and she forgotten ? No ! There was not a day in which that phenomenon happened ; and on such occasions never. Why I thought on her, or what I meant, I seldom staid to inquire ; for that was a question that would have given

given exquisite pain, had I not remembered that the world was soon to be at my command.

But Olivia was absent, and I had entered the lists with a very different heroine. Through play and farce there was no cessation to the combat ; and, in spite of the fencing and warding of prudence, before the curtain finally dropped I own I felt myself a little breathed.

The foot-boy was to attend, with a hackney coach. I led my fair Thalestris into the lobby, where Miss Ellis's carriage was vociferated, from mouth to mouth, with as much eclat as if she had been a dutchess.

The foot-boy made his appearance, but no carriage alas was there. Why I was partly sorry and partly glad I leave the reader to divine. It rained violently, and it was with difficulty that I could procure a chair. Into this conveyance Miss Ellis was handed ; I was left to provide for myself, and a storm in the heavens

F 5

fortunately



relieved the storm of the passions. The last flash of their lightening exhausted itself in the squeeze of the hand, which I gave Miss before the chairmen shut the door; or rather in that which she gave me in return. Disappointed men often rail at accident, whereas they ought to avow that what they call accident has frequently been the guardian of what they call their honour. I returned home, where, full of the delightful ideas which the fascinating Jordan had inspired, I retraced those discriminating divine touches, by which she communicates such repeated and uncommon pleasure. She is indeed a potent sorceress: but not even her incantations could exclude the august and virgin spirit of Olivia from again rising to view. As for Miss Eliza, keep her but at a hair-breadth distance and she was utterly harmless.

## CHAP. XI.

POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE, OR GREAT EVENTS  
IN EMBRIO: A BISHOP'S DINNER AND A  
DEAN'S DEVOTION: A DISCOVERY: CLERICAL  
CONVERSATION: THE WAY TO RISE IN THE  
CHURCH.

BY this time my political labours began to wear a respectable appearance. A third letter had been published, and a fourth was preparing. I was in high favour. Men of all ranks visited the earl; and dukes lords and barons became as familiar to me as gowns and caps had formerly been in the streets of Oxford. I stood on the very pinnacle of fortune; and, proud of my skill, like a rope-dancer that casts away his balancing pole, I took pleasure in standing on tip-toe. Noticed by the leading men, caressed and courted by their dependants, politics encouraging me on this hand, and theology inviting me on that, the whole

whole world seemed to be smiles and sunshine; and I discovered that none but blockheads had any cause to complain of its injuries and its storms.

Having eased myself for the present of my load of divinity, my fourth letter required no long time to finish. I hastened with it to his lordship, my spirits mounting as usual. He took it, but not with his former eagerness; read it, praised it, but with less of that zeal which interested hope supplies.

I remarked the change, and began to inquire what was my fault? 'None,' replied his lordship. 'Your letter is excellent! charming! every thing I could wish!'—'Then I may send it to the press?'—'No: I would wish you not to do that'—'My lord!'—'Leave it with me. Wait a few days and perhaps you may hear of something that will surprise and please you.'—'Indeed, my lord!'

I stood fixed, with inquiring eyes, hungry after more information. But this was  
not

not granted; except that, with a significant smile, he told me he had an engagement of importance for the morning: and with this hint I retired.

It was impossible for me to hear so much, and no more, and to forbear forming conjectures. There was going to be a new ministry! It could not be otherwise!

Mr.\*\*\* soon afterward knocked at the door. I looked through the window and saw his carriage. I went to the head of the stairs and heard him received, by the earl, with every expression of welcome!

I had now no doubt but that a place, if I would accept it, would incontinently be bestowed on me; and it was almost painful to think that my future plans were of an opposite kind. Yet, why opposite? Churchmen were not prohibited the circle of politics. My station would be honourable, for they would not think of offering me trifles. And why not step from the treasury bench to  
the

the bench of bishops ? Let but the love of the state and the love of the church be there, and neither seat would suffer contamination.

A revolution of fortune was certainly at hand : what it was I could not accurately foresee, but that it would be highly favourable no man in his senses could have the least doubt : such was my creed.

The very next day I received a note from the bishop, inviting me to partake of a family dinner, with him and his niece. So it is ! And so true is the proverb : it never rains but it pours ! Good fortune absolutely persecuted me ! Honours fell so thick at my feet that I had not time to stoop and pick them up ! In the present humour of things, I knew not whether I might not be invited, before the morrow came, to dine with a party of prime ministers, and be elected their president.

Mean time however I thought proper  
to



to accept the bishop's invitation; and, as nothing better did actually intervene, when the hour came I kept my appointment.

Being there, the footman led me up to the drawing-room; in which were a lady, who curtsying told me the bishop would soon be down, and the Dean of ———, another rosy gilled son of the church. I have often asked myself—‘Why are butchers, tallow-chandlers, cook-maids, and church dignitaries so inclined to be fat? but I could never satisfactorily resolve the question.

His lordship soon made his appearance; and, having first paid his obedience to the dean, he took the lady by the hand, and presenting her to me said—‘This, Mr. Trevor, is my niece; who I dare say will be glad to be acquainted with you.’ Bows, curtsies, and acknowledgments of honours conferred, were things of course.

Miss Wilmot, that was the lady's name,

Miss Wilmot and I made attempts to entertain each other. Her person was tall, her shape taper, her complexion delicate, and her demeanour easy. Her remarks were not profound, but they were delivered without pretension. She was more inclined to let the conversation die away than to sustain it by that flux of tongue, which afflicted the ear at the house of the Ellis's. Her countenance was strongly marked with melancholy; and a languid endeavour to please seemed to have been the result of study, and to have grown into habit.

Our attention was soon called to another quarter. 'Dinner! dinner! gentlemen; exclaimed the right reverend father. Come, come; we must not let the dinner get cold! Do any thing rather than spoil my dinner! I cannot forgive that.'

Away we went. When a bishop has the happiness to be ready for his dinner, his dinner is sure to be ready for him.

Hunger

Hunger three times a day is the blessing he would first pray for. No remiss cooks, no delays for politeness sake there. Nor is there any occasion: scandal itself cannot tax the clergy with want of punctuality, at the hour of dinner.

We sat down. The lady carved. There were three of us, for she ate little. But, heaven bless me! she had work enough! It was like boys fighting, one down and the other come on! I might wonder about the fattening of butchers and tallow-chandlers as I pleased, but the last part of my wonder was over. I was no mean demolisher of pudding and pie-crust myself; but lord! I was an infant. 'You don't eat, Mr. Trevor!' said the lady. 'You don't eat, Mr. Trevor!' said the dean. 'You don't eat, Mr. Trevor!' blubbered the bishop. Yet never had I been so gorged since the first night at Oxford; and scarcely then.

I would have held it out to the last;  
for

for who would not honour the cloth? But the thing could not be, and I fairly laid down my knife and fork in despair. 'Lord! Mr. Trevor! why you have not done?' was the general chorus. 'There is another course coming!'

It was in vain: man is but man. I fell to at first like the rest, thinking that the engagement though hot would be soon over; but I little knew the doughty heroes, with whom I had entered the lists. The chiefs of Homer, with their chimes and goblets and canisters of bread, would have been unequal to the contest. I had time enough to contemplate the bishop; I thought I beheld him quaffing suffocation and stowing in apoplexy; and Homer's simile of the ox and Agamemnon forced itself strongly upon me:

So while he feeds, luxurious in the stall,  
The sov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.

Neither did their eating end with the second course. The table was no sooner cleared

cleared of the cloth, and the racy wine with double rows of glasses again placed in array, than almonds, raisins, olives, oranges, Indian conserves, and biscuits deviled, covered the board ! To it again they fell, with unabating vigour ! I soon found reason to leave them, but I doubt whether for three hours their mouths were once seen motionless ! In the act of error its enormity escapes detection. I had momentary intervals, in which I philosophised on the scene before me ; but not deeply. I was a partaker of the vice, and my astonishment at it was by no means so great then as it is now.

But there was another circumstance at which it was even extreme, and mingled with high indignation. I was ignorant of the clerical maxim, that the absence of the profane washes the starch out of lawn. Hypocrisy avaunt ! They are then at liberty to *unbend* ! I was soon better informed. The bishop and the dean, Miss Wilmot being still present,



sent, the moment the devil of gluttony would give them leisure, could find no way of amusing themselves so effectually as by attempting to call up the devil of lust. Allusions that were evidently their common-place table talk, and that approached as nearly as they durst venture to obscenity, were their pastime. With these they tickled their fancy till it gurgled in their throats, applied to Miss Wilmot to give it a higher gusto, and, while they hypocritically avoided words which the ear could not endure, they taxed their dull wit to conjure up their corresponding ideas. I must own that, in my mind, poor mother church at that moment made but a pitiful appearance.

Disgusted with their impotent efforts to make their brain the common sewer of Joe Miller, I at last started up, with difficulty bridled my anger, and addressing myself to the lady said, 'Shall we retire to your tea table, Miss Wilmot?' 'Ay, do, do!' replied the father in  
God.

God. 'Try, Liddy, if you can entertain Mr. Trevor: we will stay by our bottle.'

I led her out; and I leave the initiated to guess with what episcopal reverence All saints and their Mother were introduced, the moment the lady's back was turned.

In the course of conversation with the lady, I thought I remarked many strong traits of resemblance between her and my former friend and instructor, the usher of the grammar school, whose name also was Wilmot. The name perhaps was the circumstance that turned my thoughts into that channel; and the fancied likeness between them soon increased upon me so forcibly, that I could no longer forbear to relate all that I knew concerning him, and to inquire if he were her relation?

While I spoke, she changed colour; and after some hesitation answered, 'he

is

is my brother.'—'And the nephew of his lordship?'—

Her flushings and hesitation were increased. 'I am sorry, madam,' said I, 'if I have been indiscreet.' She answered, in a feeble and inarticulate manner, 'he stands in the same relationship to the bishop that I do.'

The feelings of the lady turned my attention, and prevented me from noticing the ambiguity of the reply. 'I respected and loved your brother, madam,' continued I. 'His stay was but short after I left the school, and I have not heard of him since. Is he in London?'—'I believe so; but I do not know where.'

Every question gave additional pain, and I dropped the subject with saying, that I was happy to be acquainted with the sister of a man who had so essentially aided me in my education, and for whom I had the highest esteem.

I thought I perceived the tears struggling

gling to get vent, and to relieve her I made a short visit to the dignitaries—who were—not drunk ! Beware of scandal ! Calumny itself could not say that madeira port and brandy mingled could make them drunk ! Madeira port and brandy mingled were but digestives. No : I found the bishop relating one of the principal incidents of his life ; which incident it was his practice to relate every day after dinner.

‘ And so, Mr. Dean, it was the first day, after I had been consecrated a bishop, that I appeared in my full canonicals. And so you know the young gentlemen [He was speaking of the Westminster boys] had never seen me in them ; because, as I was a saying, it was the first day of my putting them on. And so, Mr. Dean, as it was the first day of my putting them on, they had placed themselves all of a row, for to see me pass through them ; because, as I say, it was the first day of my putting them on.

And

And you can't think, Mr. Dean, what an alteration it made! Every body told me so! and the young gentlemen as I passed, I assure you, when they saw me with my lawn sleeves and quite in full decoration, being the first day of my putting them on, they all bowed; and I assure you behaved with the greatest respect you can think. For as I tell you it was the first day of my putting them on; so they had never seen me in them before; so, I assure you, they bowed and behaved with the greatest respect. They seemed quite surprized, I made such an appearance! And so, I assure you, they bowed and behaved with the greatest respect; for as I was a saying, it was the first day of my putting them on. Perhaps, Mr. Trevor, you never heard the story of my first appearing in my canonicals? I'll tell it you!

His lordship then began the story again. He had not a single circumstance to add; yet he would not be  
stopped



stopped in his career by my assuring him that I had heard the whole.

His lordship and the dean then began a discourse concerning the clubs, of which they were both members; with inquiries after and annotations on prebends, archdeacons, and doctors, that had the honour to gluttonize together on these occasions. This, though highly amusing to them, was intolerable dulness to me, and I returned to Miss Wilmot.

At nine o'clock, the dean's carriage was at the door, and he departed. He was a great lover of decorum.

I was preparing to follow his example; but his lordship joined us, and desired me to sit down for half an hour; he had something to say to me. Wondering what it could be, I readily complied.

He then began to ask me, how I liked his niece? and to talk of this and the other young clergymen, who had risen in the church by matrimony. Miss Wilmot I perceived was greatly embarrassed.

rassed. I listened to him with some surprise; for I had nothing to say. He concluded his remarks with telling me, that we would talk more on these subjects another time.

While the dean had been present, the turn of the conversation was such that, though I made two or three awkward attempts, I could find no opportunity of introducing my defence of the articles. I was now more successful, and his lordship told me it was well written; certainly very well written. He had read it himself, and had consulted two or three very sound divines.

I had no doubt of the fact, yet was glad to hear it confirmed, especially by testimonies that I persuaded myself must be good, and expressed my satisfaction. 'Yes,' said his lordship; 'your defence is very well written, Mr. Trevor; and I have something to say to you about that matter. But I am a little drowsy at present. Ring for my night cap, niece!

If you will be with me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, Mr. Trevor, we'll talk the thing over.'

I then bade the lady and his lordship good night, and returned to Bruton-street, with my brain swimming with cogitations concerning bishops, nieces, deans, articles, sound divines, the church, the sons of the church, sensuality, obscenity, and innumerable associating but discordant ideas, that bred a strange confusion and darkness of intellect.

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## CHAP. XII.

THE KILLING OF THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

THE next morning my first business was with the bishop, and I took good care to be punctual. I knew not very well why, but the ardour of my expecta-

tions was in some sort abated. The preaching my sermon clandestinely, the niece, and the young clergymen that made their fortune by matrimony, were none of them in unison with the open and just dealing which was requisite to my success. The forebodings at which people have so often marvelled are, when they happen, nothing more than perceptions of incongruity, that disturb the mind. Of this kind of disturbing I was conscious.

I repaired however to my post, and was ushered up to the prelate. He began with telling me what an orthodox divine the dean was, who dined with us the day before; and how sure he was of rising in the church. I could make no answer. Rise in the church he probably would; for facts are facts; and I had sufficient proof before me.

My ready compliance with the first act of deceit, that he had required from  
me,

me, had not given him reason to suspect he should find me more scrupulous than many others, whom he had made subservient to his purposes. What measure had he for my conscience, but the standard that regulated his own? The caution therefore that he practised with me was only that which the routine of cunning had made habitual. Introductory topics were soon discarded: he began to talk of his niece, and again asked if I did not think her an agreeable handsome young lady? Of her person and manners I had no unfavourable opinion, and replied in the affirmative. 'I assure you, Mr. Trevor,' said he, 'she thinks very well of you!'—'Nay, my lord, she has seen me but once.'—'Oh, no matter for that. Who knows but you may come to be better acquainted? especially if something that I have to say to you be taken *right*. You are a likely young man, Mr. Trevor; and may be a promising young man. I don't know:



that is as things shall happen, and according as you shall understand things, and be prudent.'

This was a vile preface: it contained more forebodings. But I was so eager for an explanation that I had scarcely time for augury. He continued—

'You have been to Oxford, Mr. Trevor, and you have studied. I was at Oxford, and I studied, and read Greek, and the fathers, and the schoolmen, and other matters: but all that there won't do alone, Mr. Trevor. A young man must be prudent. I was prudent, or I should never have been this day what I am now sitting here, nor what it may happen I may be. But all that is as things shall happen to come to pass. We have all of us a right to look forward; and so I would have you look forward, Mr. Trevor. That is the only prudent way.'

More and more impatient, I answered his lordship, I would be as prudent as I could;

could ; and again requested he would explain himself.

‘ Why yes, Mr. Trevor ; that is what I mean. You are a young man. I don’t know you, but you come recommended to me, by my very learned friends. You have not the cares of the church to trouble you, and so you fill up your idle time with writing.’—‘ My lord !’—‘ Nay, Mr. Trevor, you write very prettily. I could write too, but I have not time. I never had time. I had always a deal of business on my hands : persons of distinction to visit, when I was young, and to take care not to disoblige. That is a main point of prudence, Mr. Trevor : never disoblige your superiors. But I dare say you have more sense : and so, if that be the case, why you will make friends, as I did. I will be one of them ; and I will recommend you, Mr. Trevor, and introduce you, and every thing may be to the satisfaction of all parties.’—

‘ Well, but how, my lord ?’

‘Why you have written a defence of the articles : now do you wish to make a friend?’—‘I wish for the friendship of all good men, my lord.’—‘That is right! To be sure! And you can keep a secret?’—‘I have proved that I can, my lord.’—‘Why that is right! And perhaps you would be glad to see your defence in print?’—‘I should, my lord.’—‘Why that is right! And, if it would serve a friend to put another name to the work——?’—‘My lord!’ ‘Nay, if you have any objection, I shall say no more!’ ‘I do not comprehend your lordship?’—‘A work, Mr. Trevor, would not sell the worse, or be less read, or less famous, for having a dignified name in the title-page.’—‘Your lordship’s, for example?’—‘Nay, I did not say that! But, if you are a prudent young man, and should have no objection?’—‘I find I am not the man your lordship has supposed!’—‘Nay!’—‘I will be no participator in falsehood, private or public!’—‘Falsehood,

hood, Sir! What interpretation are you putting upon my words? I thought you had been a prudent young man, Mr. Trevor! I was willing to have been your friend! But I have done!—‘My lord, I must be free enough to declare, I neither understand the friendship nor the morality of the proposition.’—‘Sir! morality! Is that language, Sir? Morality! I am sorry I have been deceived!’—‘I have been equally so, my lord, and am equally sorry! I wish your lordship a good morning.’

Away I came, and in my vexation totally forgot to redemand my manuscript. I recollected it however while within sight of the door, and turned back. I knocked, asked for his lordship, and was told he was not at home! This profligate impudence exceeded belief, and my choler became ungovernable. ‘His lordship,’ exclaimed I to the footman, ‘is a disgrace to the bench on which he sits!’ The footman thrust the door in

my face, and epithets then burst from me, that were a disgrace to myself.

I hurried homeward, determined to give vent to my feelings in a letter, and half determined that it should be publicly addressed to the rank hypocrite, signed by my own name. My angry imagination teemed forth the biting taunts that should sting him to madness, and the broad shame with which he was to be overwhelmed. Active memory retraced each circumstance, that could blacken the object of my present contempt and abhorrence ; and every trait increased the bitterness of my gall, and made my boiling blood more hot. Was this a pastor of the church ? a follower of Christ ? a Christian bishop ? The question astonished and exasperated me almost to frenzy.

In this temper I arrived in Bruton-street, where another very unexpected scene awaited me. The earl I was told, had inquired for me, and desired to see me



me the moment I should be at home. The message, by turning my thoughts into a new channel, gave relief to the impetuous tide of passion. The gloomy scene instantly brightened into prospects the most cheering and opposite. It was good to have two strings to the bow, especially as this second was of so firm and inflexible a texture.

All my favourable forebodings were confirmed, when, on entering, I observed the smiles that played on his lordship's countenance ! He was in a most pleasant humour. ' I hinted to you, Mr. Trevor,' said he, ' that I should probably have something agreeable soon to communicate !'

His words gave certainty to expectation ! They uttered volumes of rapture in a breath ! The fresh laurels of politics sprouted forth with tenfold vigour, and the withered fig-tree of theology was totally forgotten !

‘ There

‘There is likely to be a change in affairs then, my lord?’ said I, smiling in rapturous sympathy as I spoke—‘There is.’—‘Mr. \*\*\* has been with your lordship several times, I think?’—‘Yes, yes; I am courted by all parties, at present’—‘Indeed, my lord! Then Themistocles has become formidable?’—‘Yes, yes! I have made them feel me!’—‘I am glad that I have been instrumental?’—‘Certainly, Mr. Trevor; certainly. An architect cannot build palaces with his own hands. But we will not talk of that: we must complete the work we have begun’—‘And publish our fourth letter?’—‘By no means, Mr. Trevor! that would ruin all!’ For a moment I was speechless! At last I ejaculated—‘My lord!’—‘Things at present wear a very different face! we must now write on the other side. You seem surprised?’ Well might he say so! I was thunderstruck! ‘But I will tell you a secret. The minister and I are friends! I send four members into the house; and  
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if government had not expended five times the sum that it cost me, to carry their elections, I should have sent three more. I have attacked the minister in the house by my votes; I have attacked him in the papers by my writings: so, finding I wielded my two edged sword with such resolution and activity, he has thought proper to beat a parley. He acknowledges that the fifty thousand pounds the election contest cost me were expended in support of our excellent constitution, and that I ought to be rewarded for my patriotism. His offers are liberal, and peace is concluded. We must now vere about, and this was the business for which I wanted you. A good casuist you know, Mr. Trevor, can defend both sides of a question; and I have no doubt but that you will appear with as much brilliancy, as a panegyrist, as you have done, as a satirist.'

How long I remained in that state of painful stupefaction into which I had  
been

been thrown, at the very commencement of this harangue, is more than I can say : but, as soon as I could recover some little presence of mind, I replied—‘ You, my lord, no doubt have your own reasons ; which, to you, are a justification of your own conduct. For my part, when I wrote against the minister, it was not against the man. A desire to abash vice, advance the virtuous, and promote the good of mankind, were my motives !’ —‘ Mr. Trevor, I find you are a young man : you do not know the world’——The scene with the bishop was acting over again, and I felt myself bursting once more with indignation. With ineffable contempt in every feature of my face, I answered—‘ If a knowledge of the world consists in servility, selfishness, and the practice of deceit, I hope I never shall know it’—‘ You strangely forget yourself, Mr. Trevor !’—‘ I am not of that opinion, my lord. I rather think, it was the man who could suppose me  
capable

capable of holding the pen of prostitution that strangely forgot himself !'

His lordship heinmed, rang his bell, hummed a tune, and wished me a good morning ; and I rushed out of his apartment and hurried up to my own, where I found myself suddenly released from all my labours, and at full leisure to ruminate on all the theological and political honours that were to fall so immediately and profusely upon me.

And here it is worthy of remark that I did not accuse myself ; for I did not recollect that I had been in the least guilty. Yet when the earl had asked me to write letters, that were to be supposed by the public the production of his own pen, I had then no qualms of conscience ; and when the bishop invited me to favour falsehood, by attributing my best written sermon to him, I concurred in the request with no less facility. When deceit was not to favour but to counteract my plans, its odious immorality then rushed upon me.



me. Men are so much in a hurry, to obtain the end, that they frequently forget to scrutinize the means. As for my own part, far from supposing that I had been a participator in guilt, I felt a consciousness of having acted with self-denying and heroic virtue. This was my only armour, against the severe pangs with which I was so unexpectedly assaulted.

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### CHAP. XIII.

GLOOMY MEDITATIONS, OR PILLS FOR THE PASSIONS: MORE OF ENOCH'S MORALITY: TURL IMPROVES, YET IS STILL UNACCOUNTABLE AND ALMOST PROFANE: CONSECRATED THINGS: THEMISTOCLES AND VENGEANCE: A LOVE SCENE: MORE MARRIAGE PLOTS :- AND A TRAGI-COMIC DENOUEMENT: THE FATE OF THEMISTOCLES: THE MANUSCRIPT IN DANGER.

I SHUT the door upon myself, as it were to conceal my disgrace, and for a considerable time traversed the room in  
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an agony of contending passions. Rage, amazement, contempt of myself, abhorrence of my insidious patrons, and a thirst of vengeance devoured me. At length I was seized with a bitter sense of disappointment, and a fit of deep despondency. My calculations had been so indubitable, my progress so astonishing, and my future elevation in prospect so immeasurable, that to see myself thus puffed down, as it were, from the very pinnacle not of hope but of certainty, was more than my philosophy had yet learned to support with any shew of equanimity. I sunk on my chair, where I sat motionless, in silence, gloom, and painful meditation; groaning in spirit, as tormenting fancy conjured up the dazzling scenes, with which she had lately been so actively familiar.

I was roused from my trance at last by the recollection that I was in the house of the earl, and starting up, as if to spurn contamination from me, I hurried  
out,

out, to ease my heart by relating the whole story in Suffolk street, and to procure myself an apartment.

Enoch Mamma and Miss were all at home. I had pre-informed the family of my engagement to dine with the bishop, and they began a full chorus of interrogatories. 'Who did I meet?' said Mamma. 'What did I think of the niece?' asked Miss. 'What did his lordship say?' inquired the holy man.

I stopped their inquisitive clamours by answering, my eyes darting rage, 'His lordship said enough to prove himself a scoundrel!' 'Heaven defend me!' exclaimed Enoch. 'Why, Mr. Trevor! are you in your senses?'—'A pitiful scoundrel! A pandar! A glutton! A lascivious hypocrite! With less honesty than a highwayman, for he would not only rob but publicly array himself in the pillage, nay and impudently pretend to do the person whom he plundered a favour!'

Enoch

Enoch stood petrified. He could not have thought that frenzy itself would have dared to utter language so opprobrious against a bishop. It was treason against the cloth ! The church tottered at the sounds ! But the fury I felt held him in awe—‘ Lords !’ continued I. ‘ Heaven preserve me from the society of a lord ! I have done with them all. I am come out to seek an apartment. Kingdoms should not tempt me to remain another hour under the roof of a lord !’

If the eyes of Enoch could have stretched themselves wider, they would. The females requested me to explain myself. ‘ A pandar ?’ said Mamma. ‘ Ay,’ added Miss ; ‘ what did that mean, Mr. Trevor ?’

The question sobered me a little : I recollected my friend the usher, and the honour of Miss Wilmot, and evaded an answer. It was repeated again with greater solicitation : scandal stood with open mouth, waiting for a fresh supply.

I answered

I answered that for many reasons, and especially for a dear friend's sake, I should be silent on that head. 'A dear friend's sake?' exclaimed the suspicious matron. 'Who can that be? Who but Mr. Ellis? Why Mr.—!'

I interrupted her in a positive tone, not without a mixture of anger, assuring her it was not Mr. Ellis; and then repeated that I was come in search of a lodging.

At that moment the bishop's servant knocked at the door; I saw him through the window; and a note was received by the foot-boy and brought to Enoch. The instant he had read the contents, he hurried away; telling me that an unexpected affair, which must not be neglected, called him out immediately.

Young as I was, unhackneyed in the ways of men, having so lately left the society of ignorant and inconsistent youth, till that hour I had imagined, though I discovered no qualities in Enoch that greatly endeared him to me, that he was  
sincerely



sincerely my friend. His duplicity on this occasion was in my opinion a heinous crime, and I rushed out of the house, with a determination never again to enter the doors.

I precipitately walked through several streets, without asking myself where I was going. At last I happened to think of Turl, and at that moment he appeared to be the man on earth I would soonest meet. I hastened to his lodgings, found him at home, labouring as before, and, instead of feeling the same emotions of contempt for his employment, I was struck with the calm satisfaction visible in his countenance, and envied him.

I remembered his words : " He worked to gain a living, by administering as little as he could to the false wants and vices of men ; and at the same time to pursue a plan, on which he was intent"—A plan of importance no doubt ; perhaps of public utility.

It was sometime before I could relate

my errand. I hesitated, and struggled, and stammered, but at last said—‘ Mr. Turl, I yesterday thought myself surrounded by friends : I now come to you ; and should you refuse to hear me, I have not a friend in the world to whom I can relate the injustice that has been done me.’—‘ Pray speak, Mr. Trevor. If I can do you any service, I most sincerely assure you it will add more to my own happiness, than you will easily imagine.’

These words, though few, were uttered with an uncommon glow of benevolence. My heart was full, my passions, like the arrow in the bent bow, were with force restrained, and I snatched his hand and pressed it with great fervour. ‘ May you never want a friend, Mr. Turl,’ said I ; ‘ and may you never find a false one ! Your opinions differ from mine, but I see and feel you are a man of virtue.’

I paused a moment, and continued.

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‘That you are a man of principle is fortunate, because, in what I have to relate, the name and character of a lady is concerned: the sister of a man whom, a very few years since, I loved and revered.’ — ‘You may state the facts without mentioning her name?’ — ‘I have no doubt of your honour.’ — ‘I have no curiosity, and it will be the safest and wisest way.’

I then gave him a succinct history of the whole transactions, between me, Enoch, the bishop and the earl; for I was almost as angry with the first as with the other two. He heard me to the end, and asked such questions for elucidation as he thought necessary.

He then said—‘Mr. Trevor, you are already acquainted with the plainness, and what you perhaps have thought the bluntness, of my character. I have but one rule: I speak all that I think worthy of being spoken, and if I offend it is never from intention. What you have related  
of

of these lordly men does not in the least astonish me. Their vices are as odious as you have described them. Your great mistake is in supposing yourself blameless. You have chiefly erred in entertaining too high an opinion of your own powers, and in cherishing something like a selfish blindness to the principles of the persons, with whom you have been concerned. Your indiscriminate approbation of all you wrote raised your expectations to extravagance. Your inordinate appetite for applause made you varnish over the picture which the earl gave you of himself; though it must otherwise have been revolting to a virtuous mind: and your expectation of preferment so entirely lulled your moral feelings to sleep, that you could be a spectator of the picture you have drawn of the bishop, the day you dined with him, yet go the next morning to accept, if not to solicit, his patronage. You have committed other mistakes, which I think it best at present

sent to leave unnoticed. In the remarks I have made, I have had no intention to give pain, but to awaken virtue. At present you are angry : and why ?

‘ Why ! ’ exclaimed I, with mingled astonishment and indignation. ‘ A peer of the realm to be thus profligate in principle, and not excite my anger ! ’——

‘ What is a peer of the realm, but a man educated in vice, nurtured in prejudice from his earliest childhood, and daily breathing the same infectious air he first respired ! A being to be pitied ! ’——‘ Despised ! ’——‘ I was but three days in this earl’s house. The false colouring given me by his agent first induced me to enter it ; but I was soon undeceived. ’——

‘ Well but, a churchman ! A divine ! A bishop ! A man consecrated to one of the highest of earthly dignities ! ’ ‘ Consecrated ? There are many solemn but pernicious pantomimes acted in this world ! ’——‘ Suffer me to say, Mr. Turl, that to speak irreverently of consecrated things



things does not become a man of your understanding.' 'I can make no answer to such an accusation, Mr. Trevor, except that I must speak and think as that understanding directs me. Enlighten it and I will speak better. But what is it in a bishop that is consecrated? Is it his body, or his mind? What can be understood by his body? Is it the whole mass? Imagine its contents! Holy? "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!" That mass itself is daily changing: is the new body, which the indulgence of gluttonous sensuality supplies, as holy as the old? If it be his mind that is consecrated, what is mind, but a succession of thoughts? By what magic are future thoughts consecrated? Has a bishop no unholy thoughts? Can pride, lust, avarice, and ambition, can all the sins of the decalogue be consecrated? Are some thoughts consecrated and some not? By whom or how is the selection made? What strange farrago of impossibilities

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have

have these holy dealers in occult divinity jumbled together? Can the God of reason be the God of lies?

There was so much unanswerable truth in these arguments, that I listened in speechless amazement. At last I replied, 'I am almost afraid to hear you, Mr. Turl.'—'Yes; it is cowardice that keeps mankind fettered in ignorance'—'Well but, this bishop? Does he not live in a state of concubinage?'—'The scene of sensuality that you have painted makes the affirmative probable.'—

'And my defence of the articles? I will publish it immediately; with a preface stating the whole transaction.'—'You will be to blame.'—'Why so?'—'You may be better employed.'—'What! than exposing vice?'—'The employment is petty; and what is worse, it is inefficient. The frequent consequence of attacking the errors of individuals is the increase of those errors. Such attacks are apt to deprave both the assail-

ant and the assailed. They begin in anger, continue in falsehood, and end in fury. They harden vice, wound virtue, and poison genius. I repeat, you may be better employed, Mr. Trevor.'——  
'And is your rule absolute?'——'The exceptions are certainly few. Exhibit pictures of general vice, and the vicious will find themselves there; or, if they will not, their friends will.'——'This Enoch, top!'——'Is I believe a mean and selfish character; though I by no means think the action at which you have taken offence is the strongest proof of his duplicity. To decide justly, we must hear both parties. He saw your passions inflamed. It was probable you would have opposed his going to the bishop; though, if he in any manner interfered, to go was an act of duty.'

The reasonings of Turlin part allayed the fever of my mind, but by no means persuaded me to desist from the design  
of

of inflicting exemplary disgrace on the earl and the prelate.

Though a stern opposer of many of my principles, his manners were attentive, winning, and friendly. Being better acquainted with the town than I was, he undertook to procure me a neat and cheap apartment in his own neighbourhood, and in half an hour succeeded.

To this my effects were immediately removed. I was even too angry to comply with the forms of good breeding so far as to leave my compliments for the earl : I departed without ceremony, and retired to my chamber to contemplate my change of situation.

After mature consideration, the plan on which I determined was, immediately to publish the fourth letter of Themistocles, already written ; to continue to write under the same signature ; and in the continuation to expose the political profligacy of the earl. Themistocles was accordingly sent that very day.

I next intended accurately to revise my defence of the articles, as soon as I should recover the copy from the bishop ; to turn the conversation with Turl occasionally on that subject, that I might refute his objections ; and then to publish the work. For ordination I would apply elsewhere, being determined never to suffer pollution by the unholy touch of that prelate.

The next morning, my passions being calmed by sleep and I having reflected on what Turl had said, a sense of justice told me that I ought to visit Enoch at least once more ; in which decision my curiosity concurred. I went, and found him at home, but dressing.

The mother and daughter were at the same employment : but Miss, imagining it was my knock, sent her attendant to inquire, and immediately huddled on her bed-gown and mob-cap to come down to me. Her tongue was eager to do its office.

‘ Lord !



‘ Lord ! Mr. Trevor ! We have had such doings ! Papa and mamma and I have been at it almost ever since ! But don’t you fear : I am your true friend, and I have made mamma your friend, and she insists upon it that papa shall be your friend too ; and so he is forced to comply : though the bishop had convinced him that you are a very imprudent young gentleman ; and my papa will have it you don’t understand common sense ; and that you have ruined yourself, though you had the finest opportunity on earth ; and that you will ruin every body that takes your part ! You can’t think how surprised and how angry he is, that you should oppose your will to an earl, and a bishop, and lose the means of making your fortune, and perhaps of making your friends’ fortunes too : for there it is that the shoe pinches ; because I understand the bishop is very kind to papa at present ; and, if he should take your part, papa says he will

never see him again. But mamma and I argued, what of that? Would the bishop give papa a good living, said mamma? And what if he would, says I? Shall we give up those that we love best in the world, because it is the will and pleasure of a bishop? No, indeed! I don't know that bishops are better than other people, for my part; and perhaps not so good as those that are to be given up. So mamma told me to be silent; but she took my part, and I took yours, and I assure you, for all what they both said, I did not spare the bishop! So my papa fell into a passion, and pretended that I was too forward; and I assure you he accused me of having my likings. I don't know whether he did not make me blush! But I answered for all that, and said well, and if I have, who can help having their likings? I have heard you and my mamma say often enough that you both had had your likings; and that you did not like  
one

one another ; and that that was the reason that you quarrel like cat and dog ; and so if people will be happy they must marry according to their likings. So said my mamma well but, Eliza, have you any reason to think that Mr. Trevor has any notions of marriage ? So I boldly answered yes, I had ; for you know, Mr. Trevor, what passed between us at the play-house, and the kind squeeze of the hand you gave me at parting with me : and so why should I be afraid to speak, and tell the truth ? And so mamma says it shall all be cleared up !

Her eagerness would admit of no interruption, till it was checked for a moment by the entrance of Enoch, and the mamma. I suspected a part of what was to come, and never in my life had I felt so much embarrassment. ‘ Well Eliza,’ said the matron, ‘ have you and Mr. Trevor been talking ? Have you come to an explanation ?’

I would have answered, but Miss was

an age too quick for me. 'Yes, mamma; we have explained every thing to the full and whole. I have told it all over to him just now, every syllable the same as I told it to you, and he does not contradict a word of it.'

'Contradict ?' interrupted Enoch. 'But does he say the same ?' 'No, Sir !' answered I with eagerness ; that I might if possible, by a single word, put an end to the eternal clack and false deductions of this very loving young lady. 'Lord ! Mr. Trevor !' exclaimed Miss, her passions all flying to her eyes, part fire and part water. 'Sure you are not in earnest ? You don't mean as you say ?'—'I am very serious, Miss Ellis ; and am exceedingly sorry to have been so misunderstood !'—'Why will you pretend to deny, Mr. Trevor, that all that I have been rehearsing here, about the play-house ; and about the kindness with which you paid your addresses to me there, and indeed elsewhere, often and before

before time ; and about your leading me to the chair ; and then your tenderly taking my hand and squeezing it ; and then the look you gave with your eyes ; and more than all the loving manner in which you said good night ? Not to mention as before all that you said and did, sitting next to me in the play-house ; enough to win the affections of any poor innocent virgin ! You are not such a deceiver as that comes to I am sure, Mr. Trevor : you have a more generous and noble heart !

Here Miss burst into a flood of tears, and mamma exclaimed—‘I am very much afraid, Mr. Trevor, there have been some improper doings !’

Enoch’s anger for once made him honest. ‘No such a thing !’ said he. ‘It is the forward fool’s own fault. This is neither the first second nor third time she has played the same pranks.’

The mother and daughter instantly raised their pipes like fifty ciphered keys

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in an organ, first against Enoch, then against all the male kind, and lastly turned so furiously upon me that there seemed to be danger of their tearing me piece-meal, like as the mad females of Thrace did the disconsolate Orpheus.

At length I started up in a passion, and exclaimed—‘ Will you hear me, ladies?’ ‘ No ! no ! no !’ screamed Miss. We won’t hear a word ! Don’t listen to him, mamma ! He is a deceiver ! A faithless man ! I did not think there could have been such a one in the whole world ! and I am sure I warned him often enough against it. And after the true friend that I have been to you, Mr. Trevor ! and have taken your part, tooth and nail ! Papa himself knows I have ; and would take your part, through fire and water, against the whole world ! and to be so ungrateful, and so false, and faithless to me in return ! Oh shame, Mr. Trevor ! Is that a man ? A fine manly part truly !

to win a poor virgin's heart and then to forsake her !'

Finding the sobs and the rhetoric of Miss inexhaustible and every effort to elucidate fruitless, I rose, told Enoch. I would explain myself to him by letter, opened the door to go, was seized by the coat by the young lady, and could not without violence, or leaving like Joseph my garment behind me, have torn myself away, if I had not been aided by Enoch ; who, having according to his own story been probably present at such scenes before, had sense enough I suppose to be ashamed of his daughter's conduct.

I hurried home, snatched up my pen, and in an epistle to Enoch instantly detailed, as minutely as I could recollect them, all the circumstances of the heroine's behaviour ; acknowledging that I had listened, had suffered the intercourse of knees legs and feet, and as she said had once pressed her hand ; that for this  
I feared

I feared I might have been to blame ; but yet, if this were treachery, I knew not very well how a young man was to conduct himself, so as not to be accused of being either rude, ridiculous, or a traitor.

While I was writing this letter, it occurred to me that perhaps there was no small portion of cunning, in the conduct of Miss ; that she and her mamma had remarked my youth, and entire ignorance of the world ; that Enoch himself, though more intent on what he thought deeper designs, had entertained similar ideas ; that Miss had probably been never before so much delighted with the person of any man, whom she might approach ; and that the females had concluded I might have been precipitately entangled in marriage, or marriage promises, by this artful management. Be that as it may : I wrote my letter, eased my conscience, and took my leave of the whole family.

Mean time, Themistocles had lain  
with

with the printer several days ; while I impatiently looked for its appearance, but in vain. I then began to suspect the paper was under the influence of the earl, wrote to the editor, and read the next day, among the answers to correspondents, that the letter signed Themistocles could not be admitted in their paper : they were friends to proper strictures, but not to libels against government. My teeth gnashed with rage ! I was but ill qualified, at this period, to teach the benevolent philosophy which priests of all religions affirm it is their trade to inculcate.

Neither could I procure the manuscript from the bishop. The scene in Suffolk street had occasioned me to delay sending that evening, but the next day I wrote a peremptory demand, for it to be delivered to the bearer ; and prevailed on Turl to be my messenger. He returned with information, that the bishop was gone into the country ! but  
that

that the letter would be sent after him immediately, and an answer might probably be received by the return of post.

I had no alternative, and three days afterward the manuscript was sent, sealed up and labeled on the back—"To be delivered to the author, when called for : his address not being known."

Thus every new incident was a new lesson ; unveiling a system, moral, political and ecclesiastical, which without such experience I could not have supposed to exist. My conversations with Turl came in aid of this experience, and they combined to shake the very high opinion I had conceived of the clerical order : but the finishing blow was yet to come.



## CHAP. XIV.

THE RETURN TO OXFORD: A COLD RECEPTION:  
HECTOR AND MORE OF HIS INMATES: OLIVIA  
AND THE DRIVE TO WOODSTOCK: SYMPTOMS  
OF INCREASING MISFORTUNE: AN OXFORD  
SCHOLAR BRAWL: THE FLIGHT OF HOPE.

THE period of my rustication was expired, and the term immediately preceding the summer vacation was on the point of beginning. I resolved therefore to return to Oxford, and according to the claim of rotation take my bachelor's degree. My plans of punishment and my pursuit of fame must indeed lie dormant a few weeks; but I determined they should both be revived with increasing ardour, at my return.

I found no inconsiderable pleasure in revisiting the turrets groves and streams of Oxford. Long experience itself could scarcely weed the sentiment from my mind that these were the sacred haunts of  
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the muses. It must be owned that such the fancy could easily make them, and that it is a task in which the fancy delights.

I thought it my duty immediately to visit the president. With respect to any mention of the letters of recommendation, I scarcely knew how to behave. The bishop and the president might have been friends in their youth. The president might have his prejudices. And might there not even be cruelty in rudely tearing away the mask, and showing him what a monster he had formerly taken to his bosom? Should he inquire, I certainly must declare the truth: but should he be silent, what good inducement had I to speak? The morality of this reasoning was more questionable than I at that time suspected.

Silent however he was, on that subject. He received me coldly, asked in a tone that did not wish for information how I liked London, and concluded with saying  
he

he hoped I did not return to set the university any more bad examples ! Not well satisfied myself with my methodistical paroxysm, I had not a word to offer in its defence. I answered, I hoped I should set no bad examples, either to the university or the world ; but that I could only act to the best of my judgment, and if that deceived me I must endure the consequences. ‘ Exactly so, Mr. Trevor,’ said the president, with a formal dismissing inclination of the head ; and so we parted.

When I had been at college about a week, Hector Mowbray called on me one morning and told me his father was dead ; that Mowbray Hall the manor and its demesnes were all his own ; that he had the best pack of fox dogs in the county ; hunters that would beat the world ; setters as steady as a rifle barrel gun ; and coursers that would take the wind in their teeth ; and that he was going up to town with his sister, of whom  
he

he was glad to be rid, to place her with an aunt. 'She would not let me be quiet,' said Hector, 'but I must come, for she is as obstinate as a mule, and bring our compliments and her special thanks for a signal favour, that is her lingo, which she makes a plaguey rout about; your methodist parson trick, you know, of taking her out of the water; after your damned canting gang had frightened the horses and thrown her into it. She says she should have been in her cold grave, or I don't know what, but for you; but I tell her women and cats are not so easily killed: and so to please her I agreed to come directly and ask you to breakfast with us, and spend the day together. I love Oxford! It was not above thirty miles out of the road, and I never come within a long shot of it without having *a row* with the boys and the bucks. So if you will be one among us, come along. There *is* tall Andrews, spanking Jack as I call him,

him, and three or four more of us, that mean to meet at Woodstock.'

'And take Olivia?'

'To be sure! Andrews is sweet upon her, but she beats off; though he is a fine fellow! a daring dog! all Christ Church can't beat him! and when his father is off the hinges, which he swears will be within these six months, he will make a famous wicked *dash*! I tell her she is a fool for not taking him: but my talking is all spilt porridge! she is as piggish as father himself was! So if you come, why come along.'

This was the first pleasant proposal that had been made to me, since the day of my dining with the bishop! My heart bounded while he spoke! It was with difficulty I could contain my joy; and the effort must have been much greater, had not the brother of Olivia been the dull undiscerning Hector Mowbray.

He would have hurried me away immediately, but I insisted on decorating my



my person, and fitting it to appear before the angelic Olivia !

Impatience like mine would not admit of languor. I was soon equipped, and flew to feast my senses with rapture ineffable ! I staid not to ask whether it were love, or friendship ; or what were my intentions, hopes, or fears. I felt a host of desires that were eager, tumultuous, and undecided. The passions were too much in a hurry to institute inquiry or to have any dread of consequences.'

I knew indeed that I already had a lover's hatred of Andrews, and even took pleasure to hear him characterised by traits so disgusting. That Olivia should reject such a being was no miracle : and yet it gave me inexpressible gratification !

As I ascended the stairs, strange sensations seized me ; such as I had never known before. The elastic bounds with which I had hurried along sunk into debility ;

bility ; aspen leaves never trembled more universally than I did, from head to foot ; and as I opened the door my knees, like Belshazzar's, " smote one against the other." A sickness of the stomach came over me : I turned pale, and was pushed forward by Hector before I had time to recover myself.

Olivia saw my confusion. In an instant, her sympathetic feelings caught the infection : she feebly pronounced, 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Trevor !' and with the hue of death on her countenance, snatched her handkerchief, turned aside, and uttered two or three hysteric sobs.

Andrews, my rival, Hector's spanking Jack, was present, and burst into a loud laugh ! It was a medicine that immediately recovered both of us. The blood hurried back, flushed the cheeks of Olivia, and dyed them with a deep but beautiful scarlet. 'I am a strange fool !' said she. 'You came upon me so suddenly,

ly,

ly, Mr. Trevor! and I never can see an old friend, after long absence, without these sensations.'

'Long absence!' replied Andrews. 'Why I thought it was only three or four months since the affair of the methodist preacher and the drowning, that you were just now telling me about?' 'Pshaw!' exclaimed Hector, 'if you pester your pate with her crotchets, you will have enough to do. Come, come, where are the muffins? I begin to cry cupboard. Beside I want to be off.'

While this dialogue passed I recovered sufficient courage to salute Olivia; but affection and awe were so mingled that the burning kiss of love expired in cold blooded constraint and reserve. We then sat down to the tea table, I on one side of Olivia Hector on the other, with his right leg on a vacant chair, his left thrown on Olivia's lap, and Andrews extended sprawling his whole length on a sofa. The two youths began a conversation

versation in their own style, while I endeavoured to entertain Olivia with my remarks on London. I related my principal adventures, expectations, and disappointments, and she appeared to be deeply interested by the narrative. The questions she put, her tone of voice, her countenance, all expressed her feelings; and several times a deep sigh was smothered and with difficulty passed away in a forced hem.

The two youths were so deeply engaged in the pedigree of their pointers, and so warmly contested whose were the best, that I doubt if they knew the subject of our discourse. It was a fleeting but happy hour!

Hector still drove his phaeton, and breakfast being over it was waiting at the door, attended by two grooms with two led saddle horses. 'I will not go, brother,' said Olivia, 'if you drive.' 'He drive?' replied Andrews. 'Never believe it! No, no Miss Mowbray, I

will be your Jehu. I will wheel you along, over velvet, every yard smooth as sailing.' 'No Jack,' interrupted Hector, 'that won't do. Trevor is no company, has nothing to say, or nothing that I want to hear. Sister and he will match best. He will tell her what is Greek for a ganze cap, and she will teach him how to make it up. You and I will pair off together on the hunters, and I'll gallop you the last mile into Woodstock for your sum: or, look you, the loser pay the expences of the day.'

To this proposal, seasoned with oaths three at least to a sentence, Andrews continued obstinately averse. As Hector did not drive he would. Nor did he pay any more respect to the opinion of Olivia, who remarked that he was booted and I was not. 'So much the better, said he; that is genteel.' 'Nay but really,' added Olivia, 'I shall not think myself more safe with you, Mr. Andrews, than with my brother.' Mr. Andrews was deaf; he



he rudely seized her by the wrists, hauled her across the room, and swore if she would not go he would take her in his arms and carry her. My fingers ached to catch him by the collar; but I could not like him cast off all fear of offending Olivia.

Resistance must either have been violent, or in vain. Olivia submitted, and I dared not oppose. We mounted, and Andrews drove, for the first three miles, with some moderation. He then began to play tricks; took a high quarter and a low one, where he could find them, to shew his dexterity; whipped and fretted the horses, increased their rate, and at last put them into a full gallop.

As soon as I perceived what he was doing, I rode full speed after him, and in an authoritative tone called to him to drive with more care. He was obliged to slacken his pace before he could understand what I said. When he had heard me repeat my injunction, which I

did with no little vehemence, he looked at me first in astonishment, then with a sneer, and was raising his whip to lash the horses forward with fresh fury. Olivia caught him by the arm, and I immediately called with a voice of thunder, 'By G——, Sir, if you either injure or terrify the lady, I will pull you head long from your seat !'

He made no answer, and the contempt his countenance had exhibited the moment before sunk into sheepishness. I immediately rode forward to the head of the horses, kept a moderate pace, would not suffer him to pass me, unless he meant to stake the horse I rode with the pole, and continued thus for more than a mile, till I was convinced that he had no more inclination to divert himself by terrifying and endangering Olivia.

I rode the rest of the way with the heart burn of anxiety, fearful I had angered Olivia, but not knowing how much. While I kept the lead to oblige Andrews

to temperance, he cursed and muttered. 'It was very fine! Mighty proper behaviour to a gentleman! But he should see how it was all to end!' He vented other menaces, which though in too low a key distinctly to reach my ear were loud enough to produce their effect on Olivia.

We arrived at Woodstock, and I dismounted and stood ready to receive Olivia. Andrews followed the example, but she called to her brother and noticed neither of us. He received her as she alighted, and I perceiving her serious look said, 'I hope, Miss Mowbray, I have not offended you?' She made no reply, but stood half a minute, as if to recover being cramped by sitting. Andrews was then on our left, at some distance, and I turned to the same side. She saw me and called, 'Mr. Trevor!' She said no more, but her look was too impressive to be misinterpreted. Hard fate! it could not be obeyed. I pretended indeed to walk away, but the moment she entered

the door of the inn I hastened back to Andrews and said, 'If you think yourself insulted, Sir, you have only to inform me of it : I am at your service.'

His answer was—'He did not know what I could mean ! He had nothing to say to me.' I gave him a contemptuous glance, he followed the grooms, and I went to seek Olivia.

I approached with trepidation. 'I perceive, Madam,' said I, 'my conduct is not approved.' She fixed her eye upon me.—'You have been speaking to Mr. Andrews ?' I was silent. 'And a duel ?' added she, with increasing severity mingled with terror. I hastily interrupted her. 'No, Madam, Mr. Andrews is not a man to fight duels.'—'Mr. Andrews has the more understanding.'

Though the intelligence gave her relief, she spoke in a tone that petrified. 'Surely, Madam,' I replied, 'you cannot be angry with me for protecting you from danger and insult ?'—'The danger was trifling, perhaps none ; he would  
not

not endanger himself; and for insult I must be left to judge in my own case both what it is, and when it deserves notice. Men have little respect for women, when they are so ready to suppose a woman is incapable of being her own protector.'—'Is it then a crime, Miss Mowbray, to tremble for your safety? or to teach manners to a brute?'—'Yes: at least, it is weakness to tremble without cause. You must act as you please, in whatever relates to yourself, but it is inexpressibly criminal to be ready, on every trifling occasion, to take or to throw away life. If this be teaching, we have too many teachers in the world, who have never themselves been to school. I am personally concerned, and you have asked my opinion; otherwise, Mr. Trevor, I should have been cautious of giving it.'

The energy with which this reproof, though severe, was begun denoted what self-flattery might well have construed into affection; for it proved the interest



the lovely chider took in the rectitude of my conduct. But the kindness of it seemed to be all killed, in the formality and coldness of the conclusion. I stood speechless. She perceived the effect she had produced, and in a soft and relenting tone added—‘I do not seek to wound your feelings, Mr. Trevor. Oh no! Would I could’—The angel checked herself, but soon with returning enthusiasm continued—‘Ideas at this instant rush upon my mind that’—Again she paused—‘You saved my life—but’—The tears started in her eyes, her voice faltered, she could not proceed. She had rung to inquire for a dressing room, the damned maid entered, Olivia followed, and I remained in speechless stupefaction, with the dreadful *but* reverberating in my ear.

Andrews and Hector came in. Had the former known my thoughts, he would have rejoiced at such ample vengeance. He talked to Mowbray, but took no notice of what had passed. They  
ordered

ordered dinner, and asked if I would stroll with them to Blenheim house? I excused myself and away they went.

I remained anxiously expecting that Olivia would come down; and, having waited till the approach of dinner time, I sent the maid, with my compliments, to inform her that I should be glad to speak a word to her. The answer I received was that she should see me in half an hour. I sent again, but to no purpose; I could not catch a glimpse of her till the youths had returned, and dinner was on the table.

They brought two gownsmen of Christ Church with them, companions of Andrews, who were quite as talkative and nearly as rude and boisterous as themselves. Olivia had not perhaps all her accustomed vivacity, but she behaved with infinitely more ease and cheerfulness than I could have wished, and I felt as if I were the only disconsolate guest.

The players were at Woodstock, and

were to exhibit that afternoon. They began at four o'clock, that the gownsmen might have time to return to Oxford; hoping that would be a favourable circumstance for them with the vice-chancellor, who, as I have said, is generally inimical to theatrical exhibition, and whose influence extends to Woodstock. The party all voted for the play, except Olivia, who observed their inclination to riot, and ineffectually attempted to persuade them to return. I was glad to find them obstinate; it might afford me an opportunity of speaking with her, for which I would almost have given an eye. A servant was sent to keep places, in one of the six boxes which the theatre, fitted up in a barn, contained.

The youths sat so late to enjoy the folly of their own conversation that the play had begun before we came there, and inquiring for our box we found it in the possession of four gownsmen, who had turned the servant out and seized upon

upon it for themselves. Hector and Andrews began to swear outrageously ! Tigers could not have appeared more fierce. They entered the box, and addressed its usurpers in the gross vulgar terms to which they had been accustomed. They were immediately answered in their own language ; and tall Andrews and the bulky Hector each laid hold of his man, who were much their inferiors in strength and size, to turn them out.

I was standing to guard Olivia, who seemed pleased that I should be rather so engaged than more actively employed. But my aid was soon necessary : Hector and Andrews each received a blow, which neither of them had the courage to return, though their opponents were little better than boys. Fired at their pusillanimity, I darted by and seized the little gownsmen, one in one hand and the other in the other, pressed my knuckles in their neck, shook them heartily, and dragged them out of the box. The two other collegians of our squadron, seeing  
this

this intrepid advance, followed up the victory; Hector and Andrews again blustered and lent their aid, and the box was cleared.

This did not all pass in a moment: the Oxonians, and there were numbers of them in the theatre, crowded to the spot; and it was with difficulty a general riot, to which these youths are always prone, could be prevented.

At last we made way to the box; but no words could persuade Olivia to enter it. She insisted on returning to the inn. I interceded, her brother swore, and Andrews attempted to hold her; but her resolution was not to be shaken. 'I am in a society of mad boys!' said she. 'I hoped to have found one rational being among them, but I was deceived.'

The sentence was short, but every syllable was an arrow that wounded me to the heart. I was the supposed rational being, in whom she had placed her hopes, and by whom she had been deceived. A second time I had disregarded the bene-



volent wisdom with which she had vainly endeavoured to inspire me, had acted in open defiance of her peaceful morality, and had forfeited all claim to her esteem. I read my doom, not only in her words but in her whole deportment.

While I stood drawing these painful conclusions, motionless, or active only in my fears, a messenger arrived whose coming gave a climax to my ill fortune. He brought a letter, informing Olivia that her aunt, whom she was on her journey to visit, was dangerously ill; and, if Olivia desired to see her alive, she must hasten to London with all possible speed. The news entirely put an end to the endeavours of Hector and his companions to detain her at the play. A servant was sent forward to prepare a post-chaise for Olivia, in which she insisted on returning to Oxford by herself, and we all immediately proceeded back to the inn.

Just before we reached the inn, Hector and his companions being engaged  
in

in noisy disputation, I said to Olivia in a half whisper—"Have I then, Madam, forfeited all claims to your good opinion?"—She paused for a moment and replied—"The incidents of to-day, Mr. Trevor, have but confirmed the character which was long since given me of you, and which I began to hope was not strictly true. The benefit you have conferred on me I shall never forget: it has induced me to be more prompt in my desire to prevent mischief than you perhaps might think became me. Such a trial can scarcely occur again, and if it should I will endeavour to use greater caution. Yet suffer me, for the last time, earnestly to advise you to be less rash. Were I your sister, Mr. Trevor, I should be in continual alarms, and the most unhappy creature existing."

Andrews heard her voice, and, prompted as I suppose either by jealousy or malice, put an end to our dialogue. I would have given worlds, if I had possessed them, to have continued it only  
five

five minutes ; but no such blessing could be obtained ; Andrews was alert, and Olivia appeared to avoid further parley. In a quarter of an hour the carriage was ready, and Olivia stepped into it and was driven away full speed.

Andrews would have remained, to see the play ; and Hector, had not I shamed him into the contrary, would have consented ; but in consequence of my remonstrances they mounted, accompanied by the rest of their clamorous comrades on horseback, and I was left to the melancholy office of driving the phaeton, with the seat vacant that had so lately been occupied by Olivia.

We hurried off, helter skelter, no one respecting his neck, and I the least (for Olivia was before) and rode and drove at such a rate that we overtook the chaise a mile before it reached Oxford. What relief was this to me ? She sat concealed in the corner of the carriage, and I could catch no glimpse of her. I durst not even drive past, lest I should

add

add to the mortal offence I had already given, and confirm her in the belief that I was no better than a madman: or, in her own emphatic language, a mad boy!

The pain of suspense was quickly over. We all soon arrived at Oxford. A courier had been dispatched from Woodstock by the affectionately impatient niece, with orders to have another chaise in readiness; and, after briefly bidding her brother and the company adieu, she stepped out of the carriage which brought her from Woodstock into the one that was waiting, and again was driven off, while I stood gazing in a trance of painful stupidity.

This was the last glance I had of her! and, rejecting the invitation to supper of Hector and his party with more sullenness than I had ever felt before, I returned to the college, burst into my room, locked the door, and threw myself down on the boards, in a state of the most wretched despondency.